★ July 27, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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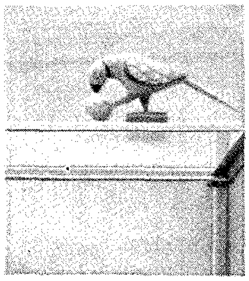

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THEATER
SUSAN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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				25	26	27
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Reopens Monday, Aug. 5, after a five-week vacation, with Rosalind Russell resuming the title role. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally diverting comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings-on in Westport. Kaye Lyder, Darren McGavin, and Elizabeth Wilson support him attractively. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the astral visitor, is endlessly amusing, and so, for that matter, are Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, Sibyl Bowan, and Edward Andrews, who give him a hand. Mr. Ritchard is also responsible for the astute direction. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—no time for sergeants: Ira Levin's stage version of Mac Hyman's novel having to do with a draftee whose kindness almost kills the Air Force. At present, Charles Hohman is playing the hillbilly hero, and Rex Everhart and Tucker Ashworth fill subsidiary roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman cutting loose with her accustomed gusto in a fairly feeble musical about a lady who wants her daughter to follow in the footsteps of Grace Kelly. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, the songs are by Harold Karr and Matt Dubey, and Fernando Lamas is visible as Miss Merman's fellow-principal. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—If you are an admirer of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates, the chances are that you will enjoy this apparently quite faithful reproduction of their odd folkways. The stage version is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank; Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and music; and Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of a cast that features George Wallace and Cameron Prud'homme. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—damn yankees: Devra Korwin plays a demon, Howard Caine her employer, and Stephen Douglass her earth-bound suitor in this musical derived from the novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, and Jack Irwin are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews in an adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. Edward Mulhare will replace Mr. Harrison on Saturday, July 27, and for a month starting Thursday, Aug. 1. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, July 26: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Recital Hall—Haila Stoddard and Whitfield Connor in J. B. Priestley's "Ever Since Paradise." (Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 7-7460. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis, Roger Boxill, and Patricia Peardon. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Renata Theatre—Leon Janney and Frances Sternhagen in "The Country Wife," William Wycherley's Restoration farce. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:45 and 10:45; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepennny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Pert Kelton. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

New York Summer Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Two Gentlemen of Verona," presented on a trailer truck converted into an Elizabethan stage. Robert Blackburn, Paul Stevens, Peggy Bennion, and Anne Meara head the cast. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park at about 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—Guy Lombardo's water-borne revival of "Show Boat," with Andy Devine, Helena Bliss, David Atkinson, and the Lombardo orchestra. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-7992.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 27: "The Boy Friend." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Dorothy Lamour and Robert Alda in "Roger the Sixth," a new play. (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 27: "Oklahoma!" Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: "Finian's Rainbow." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Sunday, July 28: "The Reluctant Debutante." Tuesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Summer and Smoke." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 3: "The Pajama Game." (South Shore Music Circus,

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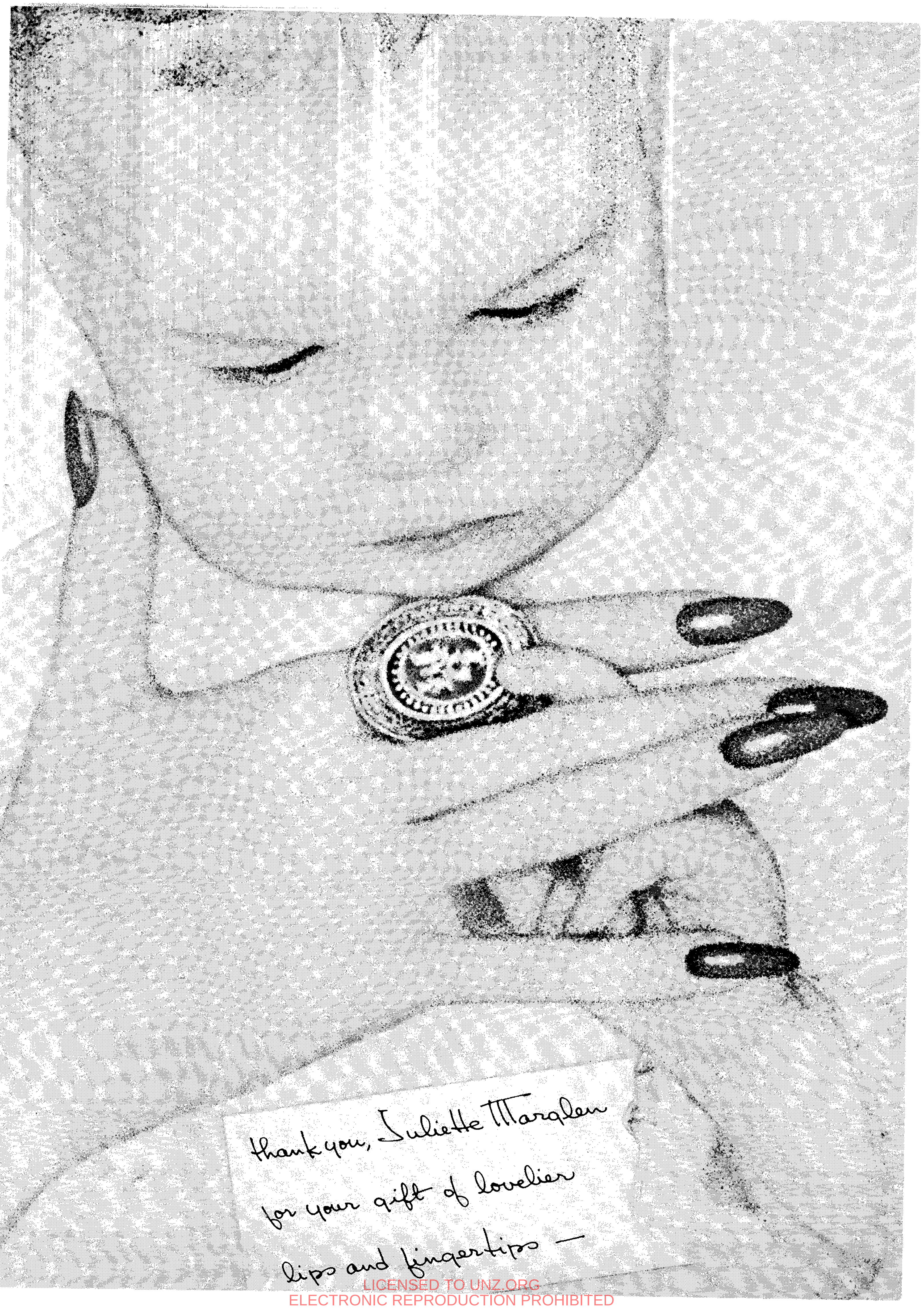
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Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—Through Monday, July 29: "The Mousetrap." Wednesday through Monday, July 31-Aug. 5: "Anniversary Waltz." (Cragsmoor Playhouse, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 27: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Jaye P. Morgan in "The Tender Trap." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30. Free performances of a new play, "Kampong Malaya," will be presented by the American Theatre Wing Summer Workshop on Tuesday, July 30, and Friday, Aug. 2, at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 27: Miriam Hopkins and Sylvia Sidney in "The Old Maid." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Pippa Scott in "A Time to Be Rich," a new play. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CI 7-1381.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 27: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Man in the Dog Suit," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 28: "Gigi." Tuesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 4: "The Loud Red Patrick." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Sunday, July 28: "The Desk Set." Tuesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 4: "The Cradle Snatchers." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 27: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: "Pipe Dream." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Hyde Park—Through Saturday, July 27: Victor Jory in "Holiday for Lovers." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: "The Fifth Season." (Hyde Park Playhouse, Hyde Park, N.Y. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 27: Marilyn Maxwell in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: "The Pajama Game." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 27: "Rio Rita." Wednesday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 3: "La Bohème," in English. (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 28: "Plain and Fancy." Starting Tuesday, July 30: "South Pacific." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 28: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Tuesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Kiss Me, Kate." (Putnam Musical Theatre, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:15 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 27: Joan Bennett and Donald Cook in "Janus." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Dennis King in "The Reluctant Debutante." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Millburn—"The Pajama Game." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, July 27: "The Mikado." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: "Utopia, Limited." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 27: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Jan Sterling and Jerome Cowan in "Here Today." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, July 28: "Three Men on a Horse." Tuesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 4: "A Hatful of Rain." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 27: "The Man Who Had All the Luck." Starting Monday, July 29: Julia Meade in "The Love of Four Colonels." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 27: Dennis King in "The Reluctant Debutante." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Basil Rathbone in "Witness for the Prosecution." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 28: "Susan Slept Here." Tuesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 4: "Holiday for Lovers." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 27: "Craig's Wife." Starting Wednesday, July 31: "The Fourposter." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Rye—Through Sunday, Aug. 4: "Wish You Were Here." (Music Theatre, Rye, N.Y. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:15.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 27: Celeste Holm in "Back to Methuselah." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Marilyn Maxwell in "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 27: Henry Morgan in "Father of the Bride." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: "The Boy Friend." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 27: "Time Limit!" Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: "Androcles and the Lion." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stratford—"Othello," with Alfred Drake, Earle Hyman, and Jacqueline Brookes: Thursday evening, July 25; Saturday matinée, July 27; and Wednesday evening, July 31. . . . ¶ "The Merchant of Venice," with Katharine Hepburn and Morris Carnovsky: Friday and Saturday evenings, July 26-27; Sunday matinée, July 28; Wednesday matinée, July 31; and Friday evening, Aug. 2. . . . ¶ "Much Ado About Nothing," with Katharine Hepburn and Alfred Drake: Previews Tuesday evening, July 30; Thursday evening, Aug. 1; and Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 3. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call CI 7-3975.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 27: Olsen and Johnson in "Hellz-a-Poppin." Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Martha Wright in "South Pacific." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 4: Wilbur Evans and William Tabbert in "Fanny." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 27: "With Respect to Joey," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 3: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Man in the Dog Suit," a new comedy. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. A series of poetry readings will continue, with Truman Capote reading from his own works on Thursday, July 25, and Marianne Moore from hers on Friday, Aug. 2, both at 3:30. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 28: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Tuesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 4: "The Potting Shed." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting its twenty-fifth season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 27: The National Ballet of Canada. Tuesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 3: Alicia Markova and Hugh Laing, Barton Mumaw, and Carola Goya and Mat-

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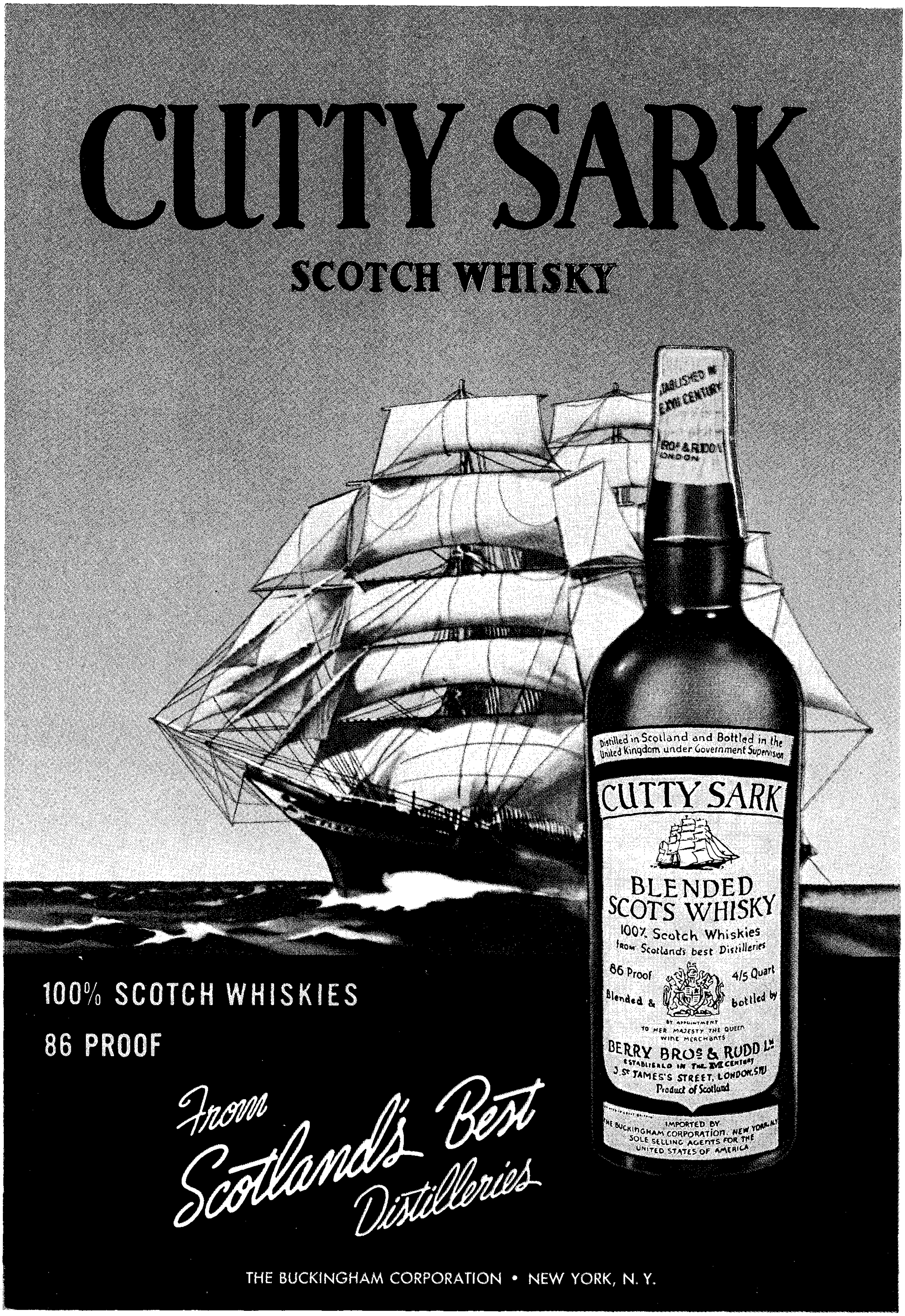
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

teo. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, which has dance music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band after ten, will begin its summer vacation late in the evening of Saturday, July 27.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The nightly spectaculars are impromptu affairs provided by the customers, not the management. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who'd rather dance. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room has a dandy little dance orchestra led by Joseph Sudy and a rumba band led by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, to a small orchestra, which is generally Stanley Worth's. From time to time, Renato Rossini strums a guitar that whispers hotly of moonlight in Venice. He takes Sundays off.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance music of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill will be closed through Wednesday, July 31. Next evening, Eddie Lane's dance orchestra will resume its harmless dinner and supper sessions.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Just about the best of the Elysian fields, with a built-in dance floor, built-in good weather, and the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for motion.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Plant life and ant life in the open-air garden, Weather Bureau permitting, after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, to say nothing of dance music by North and South American bands.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Lionel Hampton, to whom all the world is now a stage, has brought himself and his rambunctious band back to these shores for a while. They're on the cool and stately Starlight Roof, along with Diahann Carroll, whose voice offers a fusion of fire and fantasy. The Bela Babai gypsy orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's boys plunk down music for dancing from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai dance band does the plunking.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a well-known hill, presents hushed non-dance tunes and cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats and the choice view, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture maintained in spic-and-span order by the very best greenkeepers. A quiet American named Addison Bailey is at the concert grand during cocktails, dinner, and supper except Sundays, when Paul Morse drops in. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Outdoor and indoor athletes, tanning themselves in the fitful glare of flashlight bulbs. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's piano most of the night. Closed Mondays. . . .

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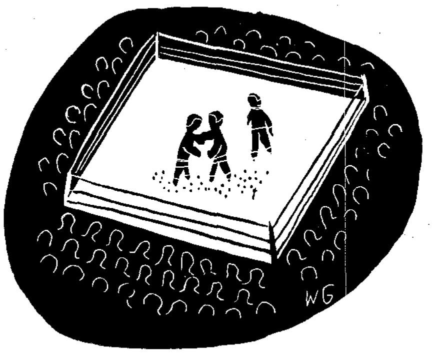
GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the piano of the owner (chipper) and of Bill Taylor (sweet mystery of life). The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *A rivederci* Roma, Capri, Firenze, and all life-enhancing points east, to the accompaniment of the sort of cuisine and music (Teo Fanidi's string sextet) that this implies. Additionally, some soprano or other always feels that urge to let go after the theatre. Music from dinner right through supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): The sort of tiny conversation room that fascinates people for whom Manhattan encompasses the universe. Sam Hamilton's piano is the prime mover at cocktails and dinner; later, he is joined by Don Evans, whose drawing-room piano far transcends the usual parlor tricks. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Few of the East Side antique shops can match it in antiquarian splendor, and none of them set the same sort of table. The genius at the piano is Fred Witmer, who keeps fairly late hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around this miniature Vanity Fair from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty, or even later. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the happiest, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, principally singing and dancing. The warm-weather schedule is Wednesday through Saturday every week. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Crusaders' National Guard must once have used it as an armory. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): A commendable effort to bring culture to the Far West of town—an art gallery framed on the walls, 1957 interior decoration, and (after ten or so) the upbeat discourse of the Lee Evans trio, for which Denzil Best mans the drums. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Three candelabra grow where only one grew before, and plush flows like water. It adds up to a setting for French cuisine and Pan-European piano, violin, and voice. All this is available every evening but Sunday. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

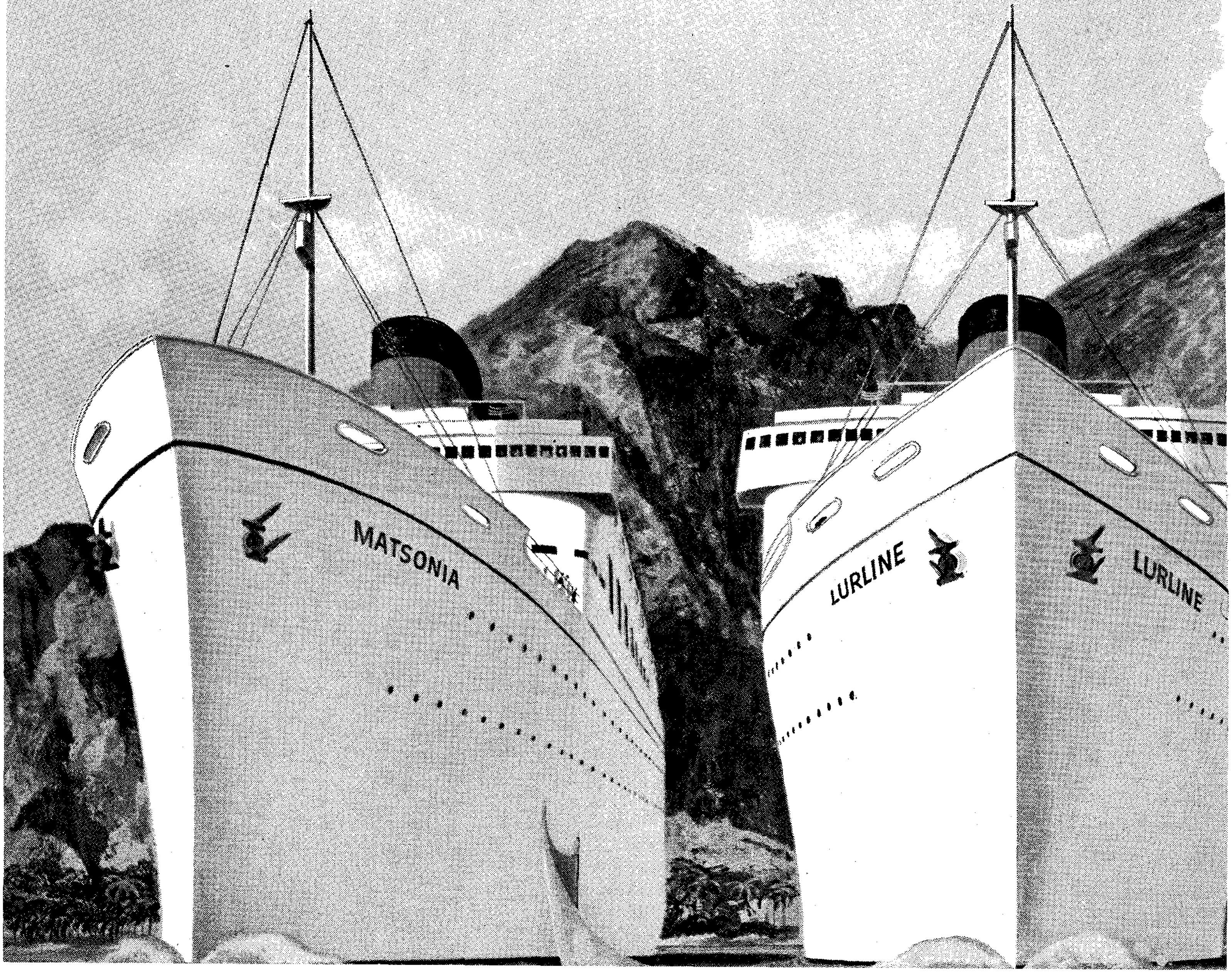
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Among the dramatis personae are Mae Barnes and Carol Burnett, two ladies in waiting (or lying in wait) for their favorite *bêtes noires*. Miss Barnes' *bête* is the homilies of songwriters; Miss Burnett's is the contents of television's little pointed head. Another performer is T. C. Jones, whose transvestite parodies of all too familiar characters can, when they are less than a yard wide, be funny. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Two imps of Satan—Blossom Dearie and Annie Ross—put on angelic expressions as they trifle with the ditties that won them a small but definite renown on the east side of the Atlantic. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The head man here is now Charlie Manna, who builds his jokes out of materials that have been lying around neglected for years. The head lady is Anita Ellis, a lass with a delicate air who sings good songs in a good voice. They are ably aided by the Old Guard—Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, makers of shattered tone poems, and Jimmie Daniels, the establishment's perennial man-about-town. Closed Mondays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Portia Nelson, who sings entrancingly enough to be classed among the birds that never wert, is doing just that. Her milieu is half Broadway, half Sutton Place. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The permanent party in the bar is Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who have been playing piano since the Year 1. The transients are presently Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, who work hand in hand and tongue in cheek. Sundays, when Miss Cedrone and Mr. Mitchell are away, there are silent movies.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, a talking guitarist, who always has a good table down front. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Modern Jazz Quartet, an assemblage of many moods, some of them inscrutable, is trying them on for size. Sunday, July 28, they will collaborate with Jean Shepherd, a lobster-shift disc jockey, on a matinée session (4:30 P.M.). Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Sometimes more a mass meeting than a listening post. Undaunted, the Jonah Jones quartet, a fairly steady diet here, rattles on and on. The breaks are taken by the Betty Miller trio. This music begins at nine, and there is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights, guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Empire City Six, a group of firebrands from guess where, is making the noise in here now. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): You'd be wise to skip the non-listeners at the primeval bar and join the listeners in the back room, where an absorbing music festival is being conducted by two honor exchange students—Marian McPartland, of

NOW 4
GREAT MATSON SHIPS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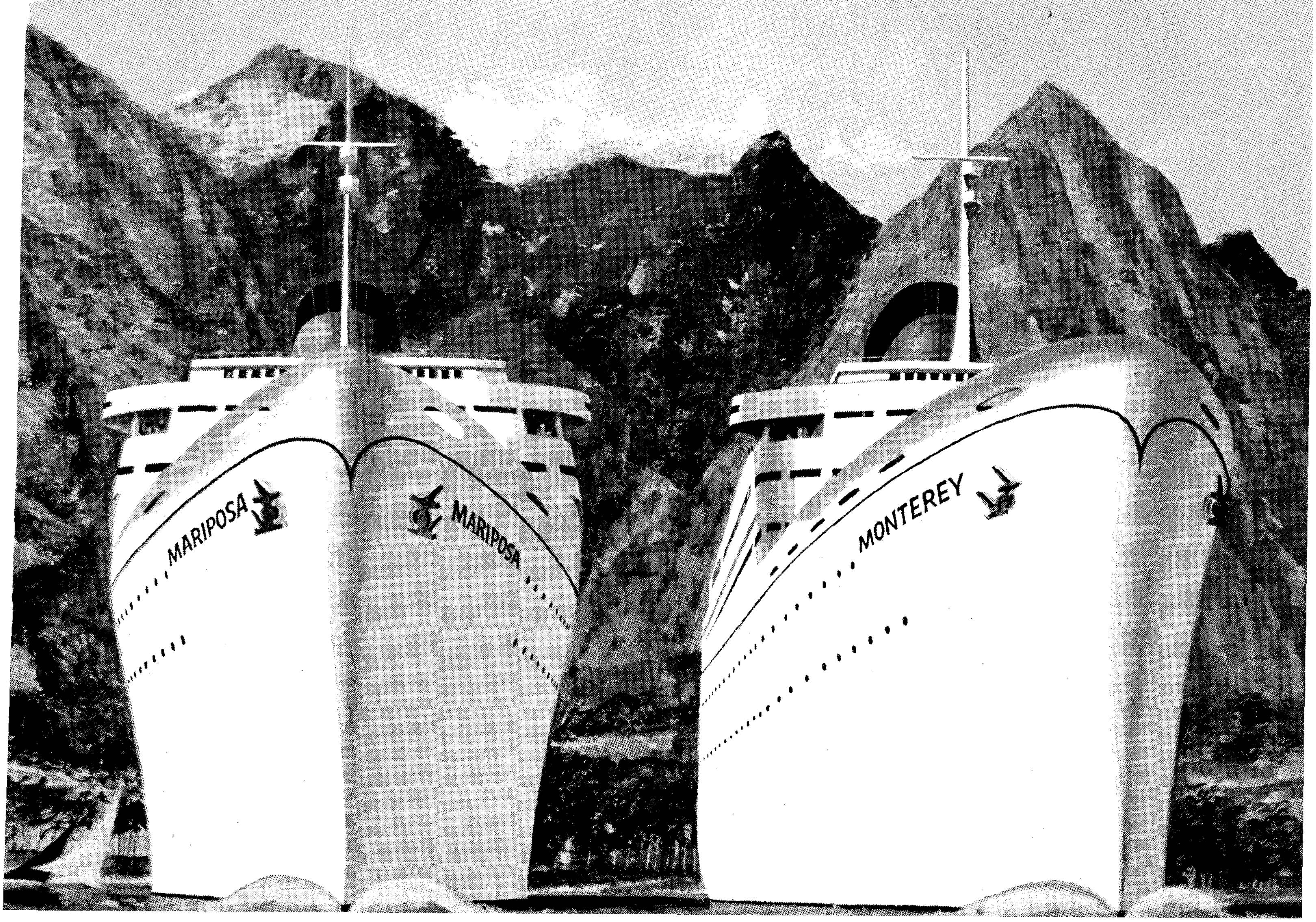

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

London, and Bernard Peiffer, of Paris. Both are equipped with trios, pianos, and a considerable insight into present-day currents of thought about music. The Peiffers hide out on Sundays, and the McPartlands on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday, when he's away; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Through Wednesday, July 31, the Maynard Ferguson band, which represents high-pressure (or Age of Anxiety) jazz, and Phineas Newborn, Jr.'s, quartet, which gazes to the far horizons. The night after that, Johnny Smith's progressive quartet, Morgana King, and the Mathew Gee All-Stars should be arriving. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): On the dais in the center of the oval bar is the trio led by Billy Taylor, a pianist who can take a melody apart, find out what makes it tick, and put it back together again better than ever. This demonstration begins at ten every evening but Monday. . . . **LOWER BASIN STREET**, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (WA 4-6000): The quartet of Gene Krupa, a drum major who likes to hammer his points home, and the group called Les Jazz Modes are the principals at the moment. Closed Mondays. . . . **BOURBON STREET**, 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): The music that comes out of the woodwork (brand-new and kind of pretty woodwork, too) is well aged, since it is made by Turk Murphy's septet, which, though domiciled in San Francisco, sounds as if it were born and bred in Dixie. Sunday, its day of rest, is given over to guests in a similar state of euphoria. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Who should turn up in this small restaurant but Eddie Heywood and his trio, knocking out their special brand of middle-ground jazz with great enthusiasm. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Some old-line musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3:30 P.M. weekdays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge, Pee Wee Erwin, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend study hall for anyone who believes that jazz had a very happy childhood. Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, helpful hints will be dropped by Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): It's hard to tell who's on first, tenor sax, or drums. Village soothsayers whisper that Miles Davis's scholarly quintet and Cannonball Adderley's hell-bent fivesome are currently at play, but who can tell? Two facts, though, are incontrovertible—the room is closed Tuesdays, and the musicians, basically modernists, hold that the end justifies the means.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); Thursdays through Saturdays, the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon; closed Mondays. . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (MEdford 1-3030); organ (unfortunately) every evening except Monday; dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

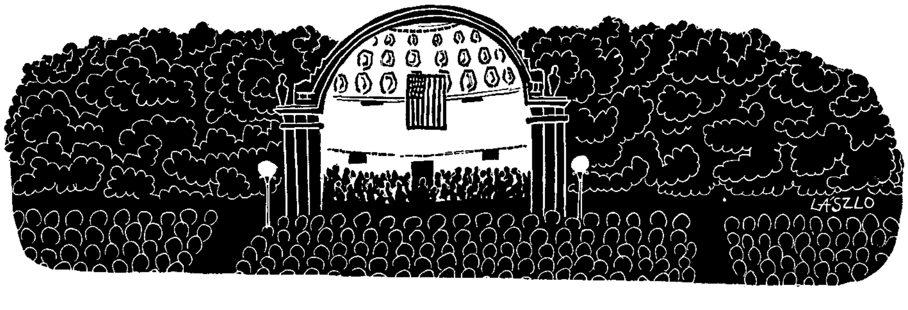
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Aug. 30. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Albert P. Ryder, George Luks, Gladys Rockmore Davis, and Sol Wilson; through Aug. 30. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by Margit Beck, Stephen Csoka, and others from the tenth annual travelling exhibition, plus sculptures by (for instance) Lily Ente and Winslow Eaves; through Friday, Aug. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Nancy Craig, Hobart Nichols, Gordon Grant, and others in a showing of portraits, landscapes, water colors, and sculptures; through Aug. 30. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans, including William Kienbusch, Karl Schrag, and Joe Lasker; through Wednesday, July 31. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, Ogden Pleissner, and other painters; through Friday, Aug. 2. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Paintings and drawings by, among others, Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, and Charles Burchfield; through Friday, July 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Cameron Booth, Balcomb Green, and Manolo Pascual are three of the participants in this year's "Fact and Fantasy" presentation of paintings and sculptures; through Aug. 23. . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 32 E. 65th St.: An exhibition entitled "The City, 1900-30," comprising works by George Bel-



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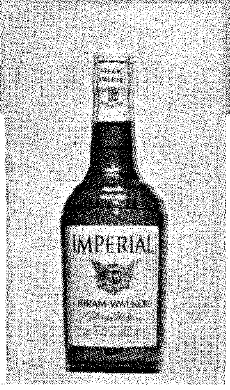
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lows, John Sloan, and others; through Wednesday, July 31.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **contemporaries,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Graphics by Gabor Peterdi, William Scott, Marino Marini, and others; through Wednesday, July 31. . . . **hervé,** 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by Marie Laurencin, Buffet, Jacus, and others; through Aug. 30. . . . **meltzer,** 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by—to name a few of the artists—Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, and George Constant; through Sept. 30. . . . **rosenberg,** 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by American and French artists, including Karl Knaths, Fernand Léger, and Oronzio Maldarelli; through Aug. 30. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: American and French paintings and drawings by Homer, Courbet, Pissarro, and others; through Aug. 30. . . . **world house,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, with examples by Afro, Lynn Chadwick, Stuart Davis, and others; through Aug. 30.

Pre-Columbian Art—A show entitled "Pre-Columbian Abstractionists;" through Aug. 30. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit made up of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman. . . . ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, and so on; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition in honor of Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday, containing more than three hundred of his oils, sculptures, collages, water colors, pastels, and drawings; through Sept. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; and Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Modern European drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and others; through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Pierre Soulages, Joan Miró, and Joseph Glasco; through Aug. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent colection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

andover, mass. Addison Gallery of American Art: "Art Schools U.S.A., 1957," made up of works in various mediums by graduates of fifteen art schools and universities; through Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **east hampton, l.i.:** Guild Hall: "Trees in Art," consisting of paintings, tapestries, screens, scrolls, and prints by Veronese, Fragonard, Inness, and others; through Aug. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **mystic, conn.** Mystic Art Association: The second regional exhibition; through Aug. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . **ogunquit, maine.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Morris Graves and Mark Tobey and sculptures by Tom Hardy and Philip McCracken comprise a show devoted to artists of the Pacific Northwest, which runs concurrently with an exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures entitled "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Association: Edward Betts, Robert Laurent, and Marguerite and William Zorach are four of the members who have paintings and sculptures on view; through Wednesday, July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **provincetown, mass.** Provincetown Art Association: Paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures by (for instance) Philip Malicoat, Will Barnet, and Robert Motherwell; through Saturday, July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **rockport, mass.** Rockport Art Association: This summer's second show (mixed mediums), including items by Ken Gore and Joseph Margulies; through Aug. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . **woodstock, n.y.** Woodstock Artists Association: Paintings and sculptures; starting Saturday, July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30; Sundays, noon to 3.)

MUSIC

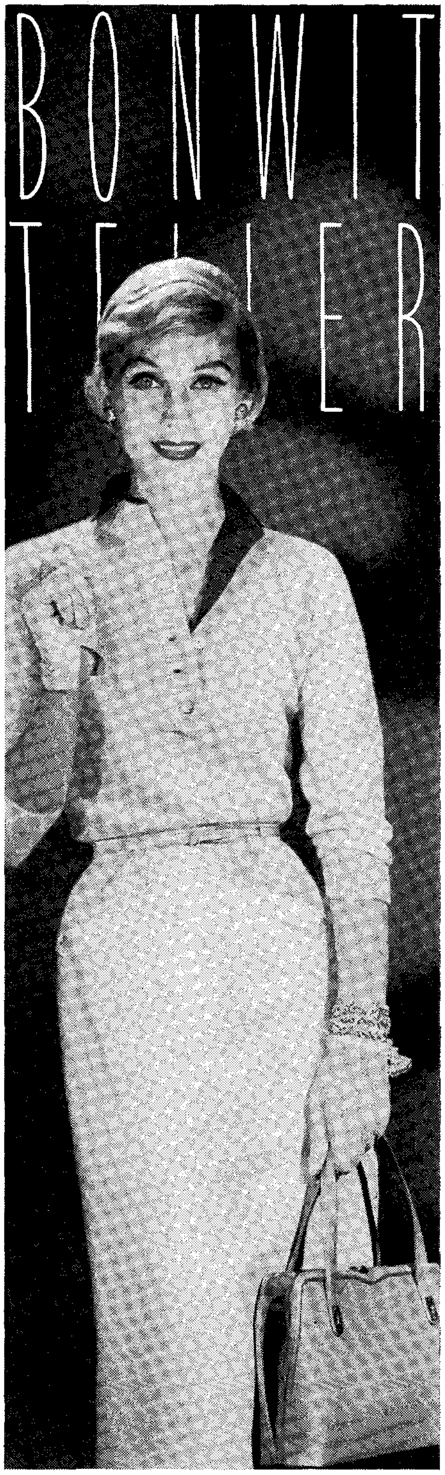
Stadium Concerts—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: Franz Allers conducting, with Marais and Miranda, folk singers. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Franz Allers conducting a program of Offenbach and Lerner-Loewe music, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Frank Porretta, tenor; and Martial Singher, baritone. . . . ¶ Monday, July 29, at 8:30: Joseph Levine conducting, with the American Ballet Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30, at 7:30 (primarily for children): Julius Rudel conducting, with Herb Sheldon, narrator. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Salvatore Dell-Isola directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Annamary Dickey, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; William Tabbert, tenor; Jack Russell, baritone, and a chorus. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 p.m. over WNYC and at 7:05 p.m. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 16. Robert Russell Bennett will conduct several of his own works on Friday, Aug. 2.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra, with Isidore Cohen, violin. The last in a series of four concerts. (Saturday, July 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Emerson Buckley conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Eric Friedman, violin. (Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—A free concert by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (East River Park Amphitheatre, East River Dr. near Grand Street. Monday, July 29, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 26, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Berlioz program, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing a performance of Berlioz's opera "L'Enfance du Christ," in concert form, with Florence Kopleff, contralto; Cesare Valletti, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass; and the Berkshire Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting; no



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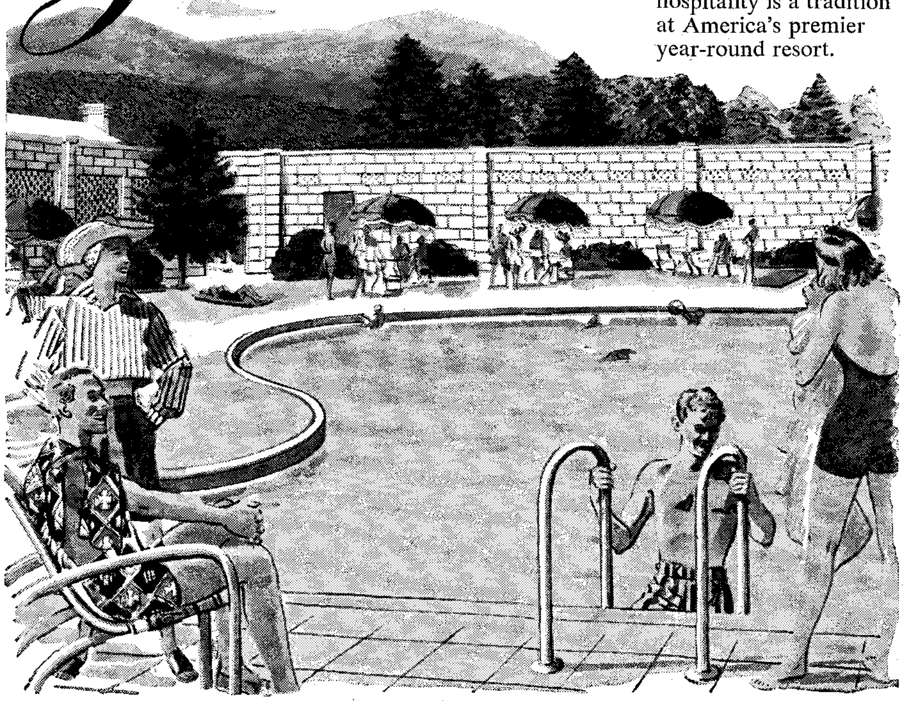

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30: A song recital by Gérard Souzay, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Carl Schuricht conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 11.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 27, at 4: The Eva Jessye Choir. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 8:40: Duke Ellington and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 4: The Weavers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 8:40: Woody Herman and his Fourth Herd. (Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, July 26-27: Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3: Alan Carter conducting the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra, with Laszlo Varga, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 3: Walter Hendl conducting, with Aaron Rosand, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, July 29, at 8:30: Donald Bryant directing the Columbus Boychoir. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 30, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting a pop concert, with soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Donald Bryant directing the Columbus Boychoir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra, with the Columbus Boychoir. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

EMPIRE STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season by the Symphony of the Air—Thursday, July 25, at 8:30: Fausto Cleva directing Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly," with Elaine Malbin, soprano; David Poleri, tenor; and John Tyers, baritone. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8:30: Laszlo Halasz conducting, with a ballet group headed by the Hungarian dancers Vera Pasztor and Erno Vashegyi. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: A repeat performance of "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 3:30: Remo Bolognini conducting, with Stanley Babin, piano, and Julian Olevsky, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 8:30: Another performance of "Madame Butterfly." (Ellenville, N.Y. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet, with Helen Boatwright, soprano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 28, at 4.)

NEWPORT CARNIVAL OF MUSIC—Martin Fischer conducting the Rhode Island Pops Orchestra—Friday, Aug. 2: With Rhonda Fleming and Kathryn Grayson, vocalists; Geoffrey Holder, singer and dancer; Elizabeth Firestone, piano; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: With Risë Stevens, mezzo-soprano; Vic Damone, vocalist; Geoffrey Holder, singer and dancer; Teresita Latana, Spanish dancer; and Bhaskar and Sasha, Indian dancers. (Amphitheatre, King's Park, Newport, R.I. Evenings at 8:30.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—Sunday, July 28: Cesare Valletti, tenor. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4: Alan Carter conducting the Vermont Symphony Chamber Orchestra, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Manchester, Vt. Afternoons at 3:30.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN—Saturday, July 27: The Claremont String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: John Corigliano, violin, with members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. (Pittsfield, Mass. Afternoons at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 25, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, July 26, at 8:15; Saturday, July 27, at about 2:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Ty Cobb, Lefty Gomez, and other major-league stars of past years, will start at 1:30); and Sunday, July 28, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, July

30, at 2, and Wednesday, July 31, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 2, at 8:15, and Saturday, Aug. 3, at 2.

Boxing—Floyd Patterson vs. Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Polo Grounds. Monday, July 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Elmira Country Club, Elmira. Through Sunday, July 28.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Leewood Golf Club, Tuckahoe. Thursday and Friday, July 25-26.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough-on-Hudson. Wednesday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 3.) . . . ¶ Tam O'Shanter Championships. (Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill. Starting Thursday, Aug. 1.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 27; the Top Flight Handicap, Wednesday, July 31; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 7. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 27, and the Choice Stakes, Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Sunday, July 28, at 2.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Tuesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 4.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7:15.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 24. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40, from Thursday, Aug. 1, through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

Yachting—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Through Saturday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Bar Harbor Regatta. (Bar Harbor, Maine. Saturday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Nantucket Yacht Club Regatta. (Saturday and Sunday, July 27-28.)

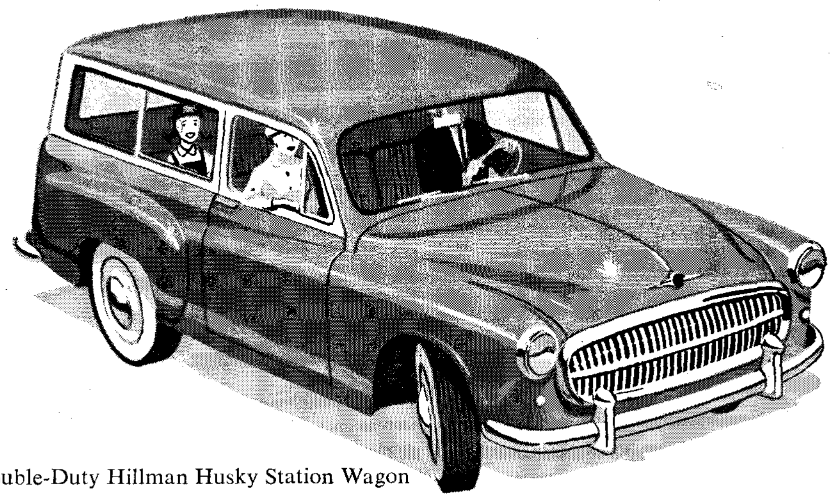
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next couple of months; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Mayflower II—A replica of the ship that sank the Merrimac, or something, is now on display here, along with a model Pilgrim village and various related exhibits. (Pier 81, W. 41st St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 10:30, and Sundays, noon to 10:30; through Nov. 15.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year. (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

A BEAUTY ON A BUDGET



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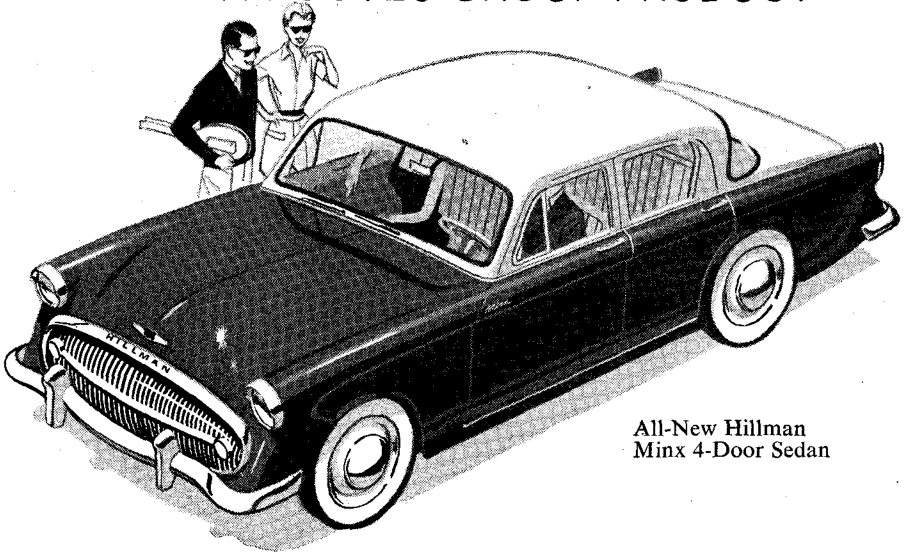

All-New Hillman Minx 4-Door Sedan

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are first-rate. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Something about a TV entertainer who is mentally, morally, spiritually, and commercially dubious but nevertheless a hell of a man with a guitar. Andy Griffith is expert as the no-account strummer. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555; through July 28. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting July 31.)

The Gold of Naples—Four stimulating episodes in the lives of some diverting residents of southern Italy. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who also figures as an actor in one of the stanzas, this Italian film includes in its admirable cast Sophia Loren, Totò, Paolo Stoppa, Silvana Mangano, and Pasquale Cennamo. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 31, tentative.)

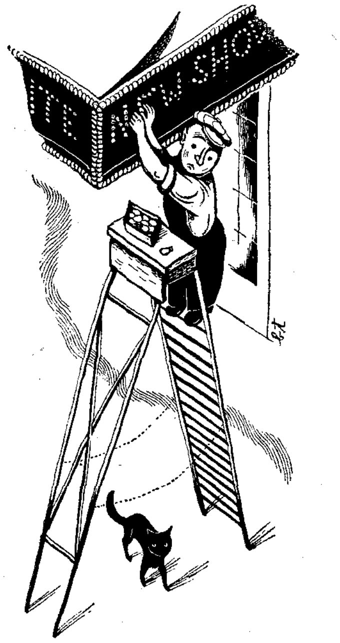
The Green Man—An English film that gives Alastair Sim an opportunity to make the most of his comic powers. It has to do with a man who discovers early in life that he should dedicate himself to homicide. Mr. Sim makes murder in all the film's lethal moments quite effective. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Hatful of Rain—Under Fred Zinnemann's forceful direction, this adaptation of the play about drug addiction that was presented hereabouts a couple of years ago proves to be a pretty exciting melodrama. In the cast are Don Murray as a war hero who has taken to narcotics after being badly shot up in Korea; Eva Marie Saint, as his long-suffering wife; Anthony Franciosa, as his sympathetic brother; and Lloyd Nolan, as his selfish father. All of them give fine performances. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Lust for Life—A superb review of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of his paintings. Kirk Douglas is highly persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through July 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through July 27, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 26-28. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 28, tentative.)

The Red Balloon—The hero of this brief and pretty fantasy is a small French boy who is pursued all over Paris by a balloon that regards him as its master. Written, directed, and produced by Albert Lamorisse, the film has the valuable services of M. Lamorisse's son Pascal as the young sprat. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting July 31.)

La Strada—A topflight Italian film whose director, Federico Fellini, demonstrates an ability to see the Italian scene steadily and whole. The leading actors—Anthony Quinn and Richard Basehart—do well by the enterprise; the only difficulty, in fact, is that Giulietta Masina, the heroine, is a rather limited actress. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)



Sweet Smell of Success—Another contribution to the current movie vogue for kicking heelish characters around. The low specimen on exhibit here is a Broadway gossip columnist who is so convinced of his own importance that he behaves like a madhouse Napoleon. The theme of the piece has to do with his attempts to keep his young sister from marrying a guitar player, an undertaking in which he is assisted by a press agent as amoral as he is. Written by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman, and directed by Alexander Mackendrick, the picture has a worthy cast headed by Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—Jack Hawkins interpreting a Scotland Yard inspector who is out to find a safe-cracker of almost incredible ingenuity. Everybody in the cast is O.K. An English film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through July 27.)

Torero!—Bullfighting at its best. A Mexican film in which the eminent toreador Luis Procuna, who is also one good actor, reënacts his life. With an English commentary. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through July 28.)

12 Angry Men—A lively explanation of how an oddly assorted group of jurors stumble to a verdict in a murder trial involving an eighteen-year-old boy accused of doing in his father. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden are included in a very strong cast. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through July 31, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

Anthony Adverse (1936)—Fredric March as the peripatetic Anthony. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 28-30.)

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Chapayev (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Little Fugitive (1953)—Richie Andrusco as a little boy who has himself a day at Coney Island despite the thought that he *may* have killed his brother. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

Rhapsody in Blue (1945)—Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith in a musical biography of George Gershwin. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 28-30.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad study of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through July 27: "Taris" (1932), directed by Jean Vigo; "L'Affaire Est Dans le Sac" (1932), directed by Pierre Prévert; and "La Pêche à la Baleine" (1934), with Jacques Prévert. . . . ¶ July 28-31: "The Fourteenth of July" (1932), directed by René Clair. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Beau James," Bob Hope, Vera Miles.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Pride and the Passion," Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through July 28: **A FACE IN THE CROWD.**
From July 29: Theatre closed.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Night Passage," James Stewart, Audie Murphy.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Silk Stockings," Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Band of Angels," Clark Gable, Yvonne De Carlo.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"An Affair to Remember," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
A HATFUL OF RAIN.

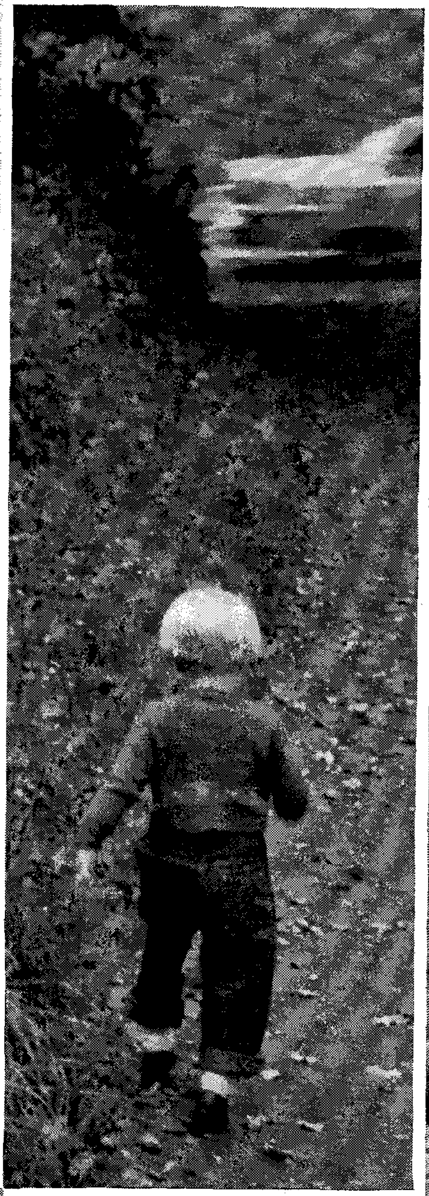
Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Stella" (in Greek), Melina Mercouri.

Escape ...

raid ...

flight ...



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PHOTOS BY JAMES HANSEN, LOOK, MARCH 5, 1957

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

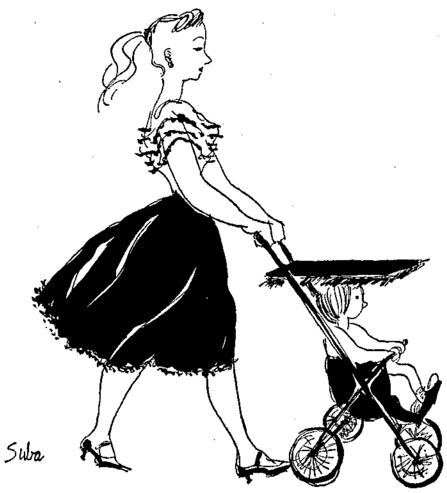
Notes and Comment

WE went up to the Polo Grounds one afternoon last week to watch a ball game. It has been years since we knocked off on a weekday and went to a ballpark to watch real, live players, tossing the ball around in the flesh. We suddenly got tired of watching flat black-and-white figures tossing the ball around on television, so up to the Polo Grounds we went. We bought a box seat (first-base line; $3.15), and a score card (15¢), and a pencil (10¢), and hurried down to our seat. The usher dusted off the seat with a cloth, and we handed him two bits, and he said "I thank you very much." As soon as we sat down, a voice from a blaring loudspeaker said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the National Anthem!" We rose. The players were on the field, their caps over their hearts, facing the clubhouse. They stood like living statues, and the crowd stood like living statues, and there was a moment of solemnity. The instant the Anthem ended, the crowd began to sound like a baseball crowd, howling and yowling, and a noise like a tidal wave went through the stands, and from nowhere the white-jacketed and white-hatted venders appeared. "Hot dog! Hey, hot dog, hey!" "Beer, beer!" "Orange drink, orange drink!"

The grass was exquisitely green—just about the greenest turf we've ever seen. The Giants, by the way, were playing the Cincinnati Redlegs, and we had forgotten, thanks to television, that the Redlegs *have* red legs—red-and-white striped socks. They also wear red shirts, and the red of the Redlegs looked fine against the green of the turf. The Giants wear black-and-white socks, and they looked good, too. The blue of the umpires' uniforms was handsomely dark, and the three white bags glistened in the sun. The park was little more than a tenth filled—some six thousand intense men and women and boys and girls. What was lacking in numbers was made up for in noise. "Come on, come on, get going, get going! Fight, boy, fight!" Two large Father Knickerbockers stared at us from two large beer signs. Both Father Knickerbockers were having beers. We had a beer (35¢).

O'Connell hit a triple. Jubilation from the crowd. "Hey, hot dog, hey!" We bought a hot dog (20¢). It came with mustard and was resting on a neat small square of white paper. We sat back, happy in the summer heat. Someone hit a foul behind home plate and the catcher went back and back and back, and the crowd moaned; he caught the ball, and the crowd cheered as though our boys had safely landed on the Normandy beaches. A sign alongside the scoreboard said "Ladies Day Every Saturday." The Giants got a run in the bottom of the first, and the Redlegs got a run in the top of the second. We had forgotten all about the real, live sound that a ball makes when it hits a mitt. It is not quite a pong-g-g and it's not quite a ping-g-g, but it's a satisfying sound, and it was like music to our ears. Pong-g-g, ping-g-g went the balls.

The terrible moment arrived when a pitcher had to be sent to the showers. There was the deep, deliberate, deadly earnest conference on the mound. Off to the clubhouse went a Giant pitcher, a sad man with a sad walk, and in from the bull pen, with a relaxed, almost impudent gait, came another Giant pitcher. A man in the grandstand behind us, wearing a yellow corduroy jacket and a red-and-green checked shirt, began to strum a ukulele. He also was wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat. He was a noisy, happy fellow, a strident, unleashed, magnificent fellow, and he shouted so that his voice could be heard above all the other six thousand. "We want something!" he cried. "We want something!" He played his ukulele. "Peanuts! Fifteen cents! Peanuts!" cried a vender. "Hey, peanuts!" cried a man near us, and the vender tossed him a bag of peanuts. The man tossed the vender a quarter, and the vender tossed the man back a dime. "Hey, beer, hey!" cried a vender. "Orange drink! Orange drink!" cried another vender. "Giant flags! Cigars, cigarettes, Cracker Jack!" cried another. "Tap the whiskey!" shrieked the ukulele man. "Time's a-wastin'! Dust rag! *Ah, oui!*" Nobody gave him a second thought. He had come to the ball game, he had bought his ticket, and he could yell his head off and break his ukulele strings, so far as anybody cared.



Someone lined one down to first, and the first baseman went into a toreador waltz, loping toward home to cut the man off. The two men went into a dance, and the hitter was put out. Seventh inning, and everybody on his feet. "Hey, hot dog, hey!" The loudspeaker went googoo, and it was hard to understand what the announcer was saying. "Hank Sauer batting for Atomic" is what we heard. "Attention, please! Number Ten batting for Warsaw." "Attention, please! Number Seventeen running for Alpine!" "Hot dog, hey, hot dog!" We had another hot dog. We had another beer. The Giants were behind, five to three. A white butterfly circled first base. "Fight,

fight, fight!" cried the ukulele man. "Want me to fix it up for you? Dust rag! *Ah, oui!*"

The Giants lost, five to four. "Spectators will not be permitted on the field until the players and umpires have reached their dressing rooms," said the loudspeaker, inexplicably clear again. The game was over, and the players raced toward the clubhouse. "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen," said the loudspeaker, "and good afternoon." Boys tumbled out of the stands and rolled in the green grass on the field. The loudspeaker played martial music. We strolled with the crowd toward the clubhouse exit and stopped by a plaque to James J. Walker. "1881-1946. Mayor of the City of New York," it read. "Friend and Fan, whose Sunday baseball law made it possible for millions of his fellow-citizens to enjoy the game." Nicest inscription we've ever read.

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BRITISH INTELLIGENCE: The cable address of the English firm of Hooper & Co., Ltd., which specializes in building bodies for Rolls-Royces, is "Sociable London."

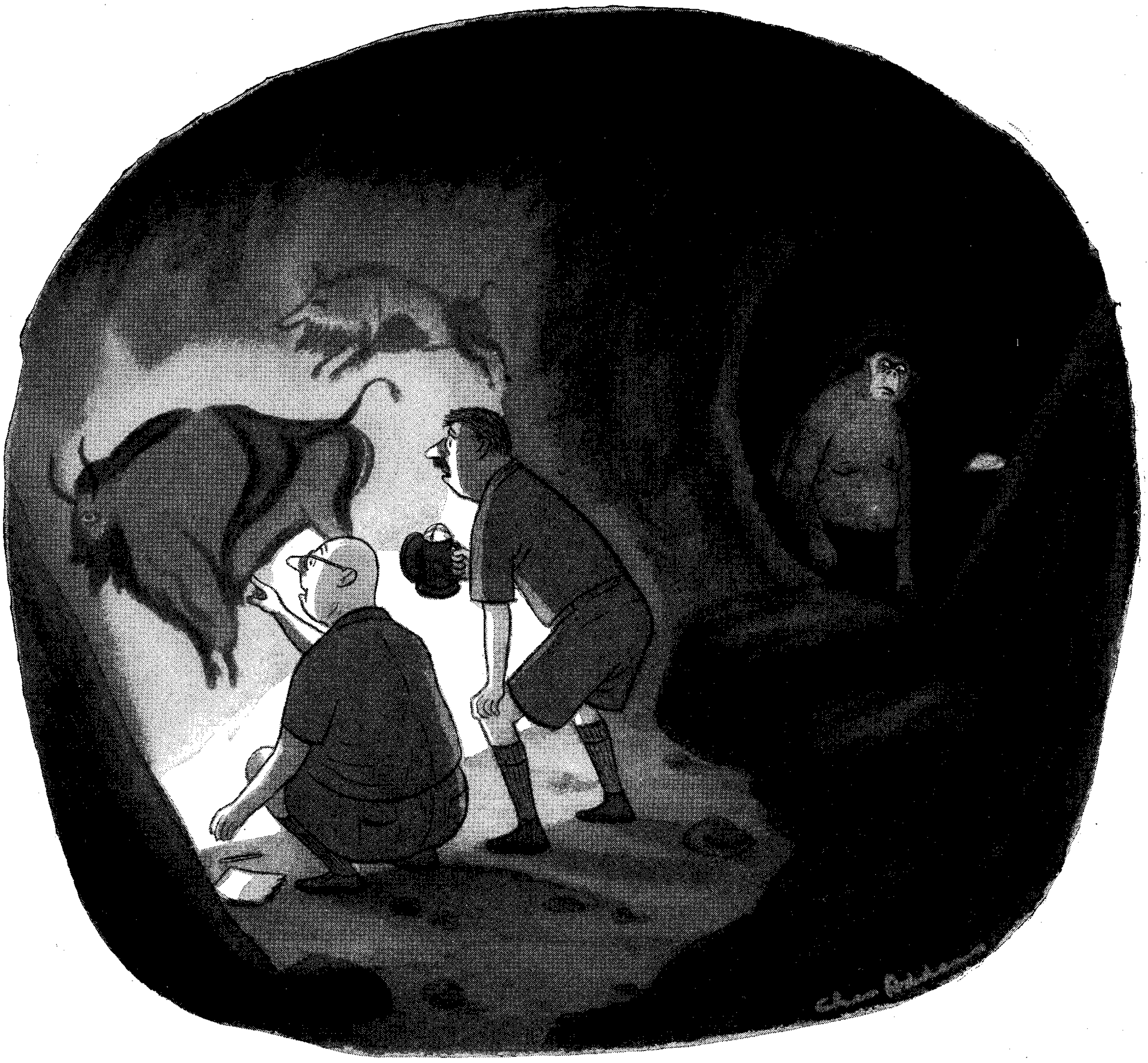
Up Fifth Avenue

FIFTY years ago, the Fifth Avenue Coach Lines introduced the first motorized bus service in the United States, and last week, by way of celebrating that fact, the outfit exhibited a trio of newfangled buses, one of them air-conditioned, down in Washington Square. As a steady patron of the Fifth Avenue Coach Lines, we attended the exhibition to see what the future is going to bring us in the way of transportation. As we were examining the air-conditioned bus, which was done up in yellow and green, we were taken in hand by a gentleman who identified himself as John A. Moreland, vice-president in charge of maintenance of the Fifth Avenue Coach Lines. "We've been experimenting with this bus for the past year, but there are still a good many kinks to eliminate before we can go all out for air-conditioning," said Mr. Moreland. "The chief difficulty is that on short hauls, such as we have, the doors are constantly opening and shutting, which makes it very expensive to maintain an even temperature. But at least we've made a start, and I'm sure the engineers will come up with a solution to our problem. One thing you may have noticed is that the air-conditioning unit—a ten-ton baby—doesn't result in much of a bulge on the rear of the bus. As far as the interior goes, you'll notice that the usual stanchions have been removed and that the area behind the side door has been arranged like the lounge of an airliner, with the seats placed in a semicircle. This way, we open up the back of the bus, so that passengers will be inclined to head for the rear without any urging from the driver. There's three inches more space between the seats at the front of the bus, and instead of carrying forty-nine seated passengers and twenty-five standees, buses like these will carry forty-five and twenty-three."

We thanked Mr. Moreland and proceeded to look over the two other buses, which, though they had the same interior design as the air-conditioned bus, were painted outside in a combination of turquoise and gold. There weren't very many people about when we made our inspection, and we felt a bit lonely as we rested in the lounge of one of the buses. Presently, however, we were joined by an elderly gentleman who was dressed rather sportily in a brown silk suit, a pink shirt, and a black tie. "You will find this hard to believe," he said to us, "but I remember when the Fifth Avenue Coach Lines changed from two horses to three horses. That seemed pretty amazing, but it was practically revolutionary when they got rid of the horses—must have been three, four hundred of them—and substituted motorbuses. Before they gave up horses entirely, they experimented with a single motorbus for quite a while. I used to think it was very daring to go up the Avenue in a motorbus, and also a little expensive, since the fare on the motorbus was a dime, as against a nickel on the horse-drawn buses. Personally, I think the service in those days was a lot more satisfactory than it is now. Can't remember any buses at that time getting together in slow-moving caravans, the way they do now. But, of course, traffic was lighter in the old days. I've been a follower of buses ever since I was a kid, and I don't think there's a line in Greater New York that I haven't been on. Even when I travel to Chicago, to see my daughter, I take a bus, though I prefer city buses to the cross-country types. I thought it was outrageous when the double-deckers were taken out of service on Fifth Avenue. They were a most pleasant way to travel, and a great thing for tourists."

We broke away from our nostalgic companion and moved into the third bus, where a team from the Voice of America was preparing to make a tape recording of a trip up Fifth Avenue, which would later be broadcast in France. "It is interesting that the first motorbuses here had engines and chassis that were made in France," one of the team said to us. "It seems strange now, does it not, that in 1907 truck motors had to be imported. But for us it is a good thing, since it gives us something with which to identify this line with France when we broadcast." A driver boarded the bus and immediately started the motor. "No, no!" cried the Voice of America operative we'd been talking to. "You must wait until I give the signal." The bus driver obediently cut his motor, and the operative bent over his recording machine. He was still fiddling with the device when the motor of the bus began to roar again. The Voice man screamed in anguish. "Not until I give the signal!" he shouted. The bus driver turned off his motor, glanced back at the recording team apologetically, and said, "I guess I just start up from force of habit." Finally, everything was ready for the broadcast; the driver, on signal, made a highly satisfactory racket with his motor; and we were off. The man who had been working on the recorder thrust a microphone at his associate, who promptly announced excitedly, "*Alors, nous*

FARMERS MARKET
FRESH CORN
Albert Hubbell



"You're right. It is still wet."

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sommes en route, traversant Washington Square, qui rappelera à bien des gens le souvenir de notre Parc Monceau à Paris." The broadcaster got a lot of oral mileage out of our trip up the Avenue, and he was still going strong when we disembarked at Forty-fourth Street.

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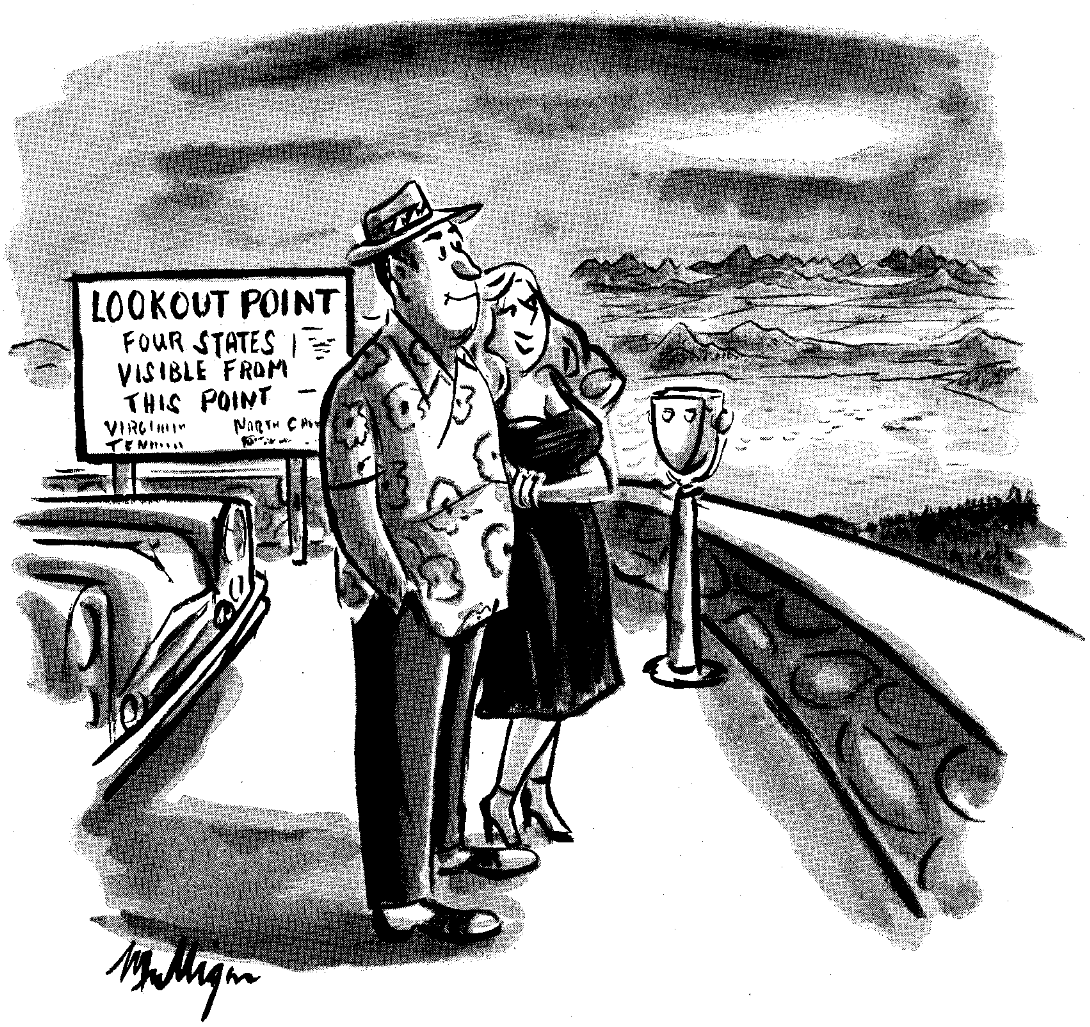
OVERHEARD in the ladies' lounge of the Radio City Music Hall: "Oh, I never go anywhere with straight eyelashes. They make me feel sloppy."

Aristocrats' Purveyor

WE'VE been thinking about mushrooms, off and on, since our recent talk with Gordon Wasson, the mycologist and mycophile of J. P. Morgan & Co. One passage in his and his wife's book, "Mushrooms Russia and History"—in which, after characterizing the species of *Boletus edulis* as "the aristocrats of the mushroom world . . . the most famous of common mushrooms, the delight of epicures, the 'cep' of English gourmets . . . supreme in fragrance and taste. It lends itself to pickling and drying, so that it keeps indefinitely and then may be served in soups and sauces," the authors go on to say, "In New York there is one firm, the Reliable Mushroom Company in Rivington Street, that confines its business to dealing in these imported dried mushrooms"—sent us down to the Reliable, in the teeming heart of a district where most merchants offer their wares on the sidewalk. Not so the proprietor of the Reliable, Mr. Max Fessel, a slow-spoken man with a brooding look, whom we found seated behind a window festooned with strings of dried mushrooms.

"I was born in Poland, a great country for mushrooms, and came here when I was five," he said. "I was brought up in this neighborhood and in Trenton. My father sold mushrooms to grocers; he never had a shop of his own. I helped him for a while, and started out on my own thirty years ago. My wife helps me with the packing and mailing—a large part of our business is out of town—and our two children used to help also. But now



"And to think, Louie, you're wanted in every single one of them."

my daughter is married and teaches Hebrew at the Seward Park High School, a few blocks away, at the corner of Essex, Grand, and Ludlow Streets, and my son Howard has just graduated from dental school. We do a business of around fifty thousand dollars a year, in mushrooms from Chile and Europe—Switzerland, France, Italy, and Poland. The Chilean grades, which came in during the war, when we were cut off from Europe, are the cheapest—about a dollar fifty a pound—and the Polish the most expensive, fluctuating between five and eight dollars a pound. The Russian *Boletus edulis* is excellent but risky to handle; ten years ago, Amtorg brought in four hundred cases, but they were rejected by the Food and Drug people, and now, if you order from Russia and your imports are rejected by the American government, the Russian government makes you pay anyway. I try to buy when the market is low. I keep a surplus stock in various cold storages. The market is pretty high right now. Prices have just about quadrupled in the last twenty years. We sell to resort hotels in the Catskills and on the seashore, and to individuals in nearly every state. Some of them learn about us when they come here as sightseers. The news just travels around. Our main source of customers is people who come, or whose parents came, from where the mushrooms come from. We run classified ads in the Polish-language papers. I've just had an order from an outstanding place—Houston, Texas. We mostly sell only imported mushrooms, and only dried ones. The fresh mushroom is a processed mushroom; I think mushrooms dried in forests have a better flavor."

Mr. Fessel said the main dish for which his product is used is mushroom-and-barley soup. "Also for stewing, with steak, in omelets, and in chow mein," he said. "Dried mushrooms should be washed in lukewarm water, then soaked in cold water, with a few pinches of salt, overnight. They're easy to cook. My wife makes a marvellous mushroom-and-barley soup, with milk, lima beans, two medium diced onions, two medium diced potatoes, two medium sliced carrots, and salt and pepper to taste. Cook on a slow fire for an hour and a half, or in a pressure cooker for forty-five minutes. Delicious!"

Mr. Fessel's principal extramycological activity is pinochle. He and his wife live in the house in which their shop is situated. "People come in and ask for the divine, or hallucinogenic, mushroom that the Wassons wrote about, but we don't handle it," he said. "My mushrooms have never given me visions, but they've given me and my family a lot of satisfying meals."

Roster

AT her young daughter's request, a mother we know who is summering in Maine agreed to allow her to enroll in a private French class and, after a few weeks, curious to know what other children were in the class, asked her to write down their names and their ages or grades. This is the report she received:

Andy, 4th grade.
Kate, 3rd grade.
Cathy, 8th grade.
Joana, 7th grade.
Barbara, 3rd grade.
Mrs. La Blanc, 35 or 36.

Fish

OUR man Stanley dropped by the office the other day, remarked "Olaf, the walrus, is one-third grown and teething," and deposited the following dispatch:

"Have been down to new Aquarium, at Coney Island, to watch fish. Struck foggy evening, with deep mist rolling in off Atlantic. Aquarium hard by Atlantic, and also hard by Cyclone roller coaster. Could not see Cyclone through fog but could hear shrieks of demented customers. Damned eerie. Entered Aquarium—90 cents, open until 10 P.M. Not a sound in Aquarium. Nothing but big-eyed fish in tanks, swimming around like fish. Heard sudden 'crackle-crackle' and hurried over to crackle-crackle tank, where three electric eels, dull-looking, elongated chaps, were lying on bottom, while attendant touched them from above with electrode. Eels responded like electric eels—'crackle-crackle.' Voice from loudspeaker near tank said, 'Crackling noises you hear are caused by the eels' discharge.' Voltmeter alongside tank registered 450 volts. Attendant slid electrode under another eel—525 volts. Some eel! Tape recording of organ music accompanied exhibition. Tape recording rendered 'Tea for Two.' Damned eerie. Joined by knowledgeable-looking young man, who introduced himself as Carleton Ray, assistant to director of Aquarium. 'Eels will not leave their mother until they hit three hundred volts,' said Mr. Ray. 'After three hundred volts, they are blind, of course.' Tea for Two, and Two for Tea, Just Me for You, and You for Me. 'The voltage of mature eels is about five hundred volts,' said Mr. Ray. 'They come only from the Amazon and Venezuela, and cost from a hundred to eight hundred dollars. The shock of the discharge is effective for a radius of more than twenty feet. Any living thing in the area will be at the very least paralyzed.' Moved away from eel tank and stepped outside building, with Mr. Ray, to watch white pelicans from the Caribbean and large green turtles in wading pool. Turtles weighed 550 pounds, give or take a hundred, and operate only on alternating current. Stopped next by penguin pool, also outdoors. 'That's Annie,' said Mr. Ray, pointing to drowsy black-foot. 'Annie is a male. Annie was once called Canarsie, is twenty-one years old, and is a veteran of the old Aquarium, at the Battery. There are horseshoe crabs in the bottom of the pool.'

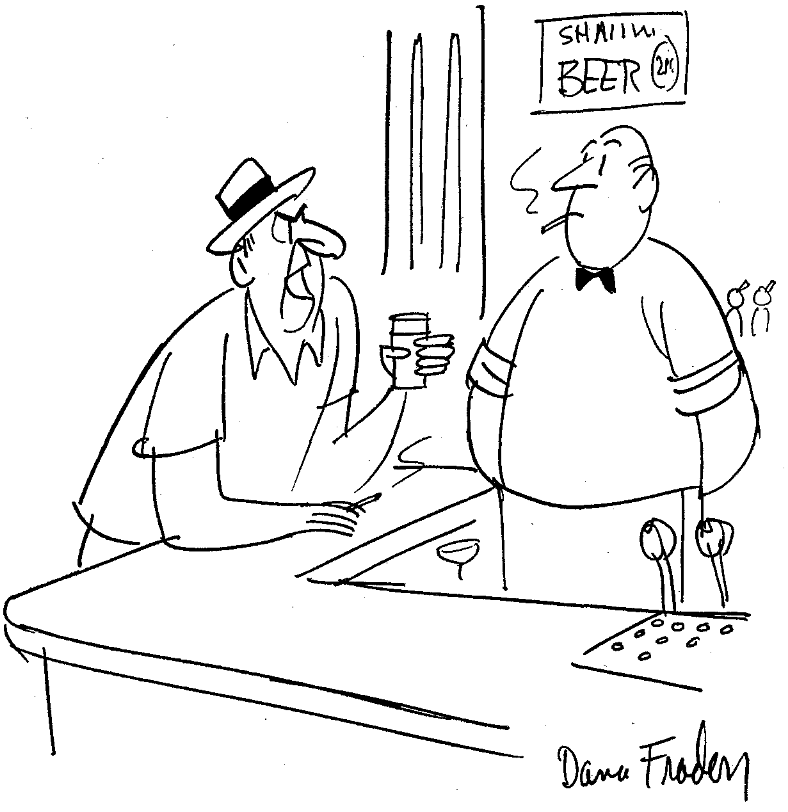
"Went along with Mr. Ray to walrus and sea-lion pool, also outdoors, but was told bottom part of pool is viewable from inside Aquarium itself. This known, in Aquarium circles, as oceanic tank. Whole mob of walruses and sea lions asleep. Probably the heavy weather. 'Poor Olaf, the walrus,' said Mr. Ray. 'He's teething. I think I'll go over and rub his gums.' Mr. Ray leaped over the rail, ran around the edge of the pool, leaped onto a cypress floating platform where Olaf and his friends were sleeping, and rubbed Olaf's gums. Mr. Ray returned in a trice. He seemed sad. 'Olaf is really asleep,' he said. 'We have a beluga whale on order, and we want arctic seals. Sea lions can use their back feet to walk, but not seals. Sea lions are adventuresome. When they moved in here, they crawled along the ledge above the pool, where I just walked, looked over at the boardwalk, and jumped back into the pool. They're no fools! Too smart to jump over the ledge! Let's go inside and see the fish.'

"Went inside with Mr. Ray. Stunning parrot fish winked at me. Winked back. 'Parrot fish do not ordinarily like reporters,' said Mr. Ray. Flattered. Moved along to triggers, grunts, snappers, porcupine, and tomato clownfish. Tomato clownfish interesting little creatures. In a class by themselves: can touch sea anemones without being injured. Fiddler crab in tank with tomato clownfish touched sea anemones and backed away, stunned. Saw starfish, sea urchins. Man standing alongside with child said, 'See the tiny crab. He breathes like me.' Mr. Ray rapidly excused himself, to return to his ichthyological duties. Saw arrow crabs, golden striped bass, yellow demoiselles, blue devils, slippery dicks. Slippery dicks very shrewd. Saw coneys, leopard sharks, butterfly fish. Butterfly fish behave like leaves. This is an ichthyological fact. Saw Florida grouper. Nasty disposition. Lady peering into tank remarked, 'They make wonderful eating.' Moved along to lunchroom on second floor. Marine menu: fried fish sticks and cole slaw (75¢); lobster salad on soft roll (65¢); potato chips with clam-and-cream-cheese dip (45¢); grouper ($6.50—family dinner).

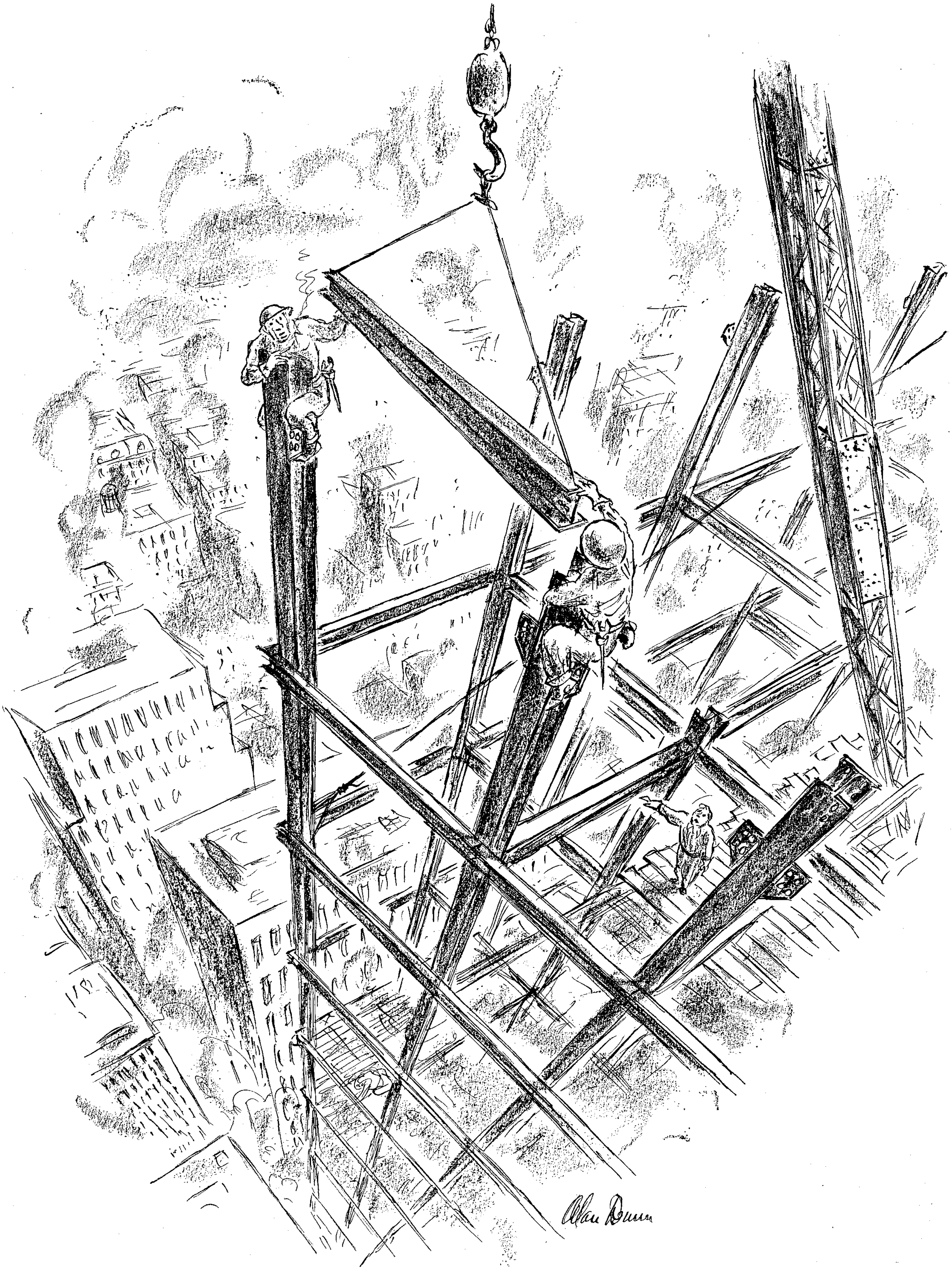
"Had hamburger and left Aquarium."

The Heat

AN elderly lady motorist drove a conspicuously overheated Oldsmobile into a Noroton, Connecticut, garage with the corollary, and explanatory, complaint that the fan belt was jammed. The garageman opened the hood and, after a brief search, pried from the ailing mechanism two dividend checks from an Eastern steel corporation, one in the amount of eleven hundred dollars and the other sixteen hundred dollars. The woman quickly thrust the crumpled but still reasonably intact drafts into her bag, from which she then drew cash to pay the service charge. The garageman waived the fee but besought her earnestly, and even a little distractedly, to explain the explanation. "Well, I'll tell you," she said, climbing in behind the wheel and adjusting her bonnet in the rear-view mirror, preparatory to resuming her journey. "My husband and I bought this car second-hand in Greenwich, where, as you know, they have a higher standard of living." Then she was off in a cloud of summer dust.



"Let 'em impeach the Supreme Court, I say! And while they're at it they can impeach the President and the whole damn Congress!"



"I figure, what's it all matter? If cigarettes don't get you, radiation will."

THE INTERVIEW

I AM always very careful of my appearance, so you could not say that I spent much more time than usual over myself that morning. I trimmed and oiled my mustache, but then I often do that; I always like it to look very neat, like Raj Kapoor's, the film star's. My sister-in-law and my wife were watching me, my sister-in-law smiling and resting one hand on her hip, and my wife only looking anxious. I knew why she was anxious. All night she had been whispering to me, saying, “Get this job and take me away to live somewhere alone—only you and I and the children.” I had answered “Yes,” because I wanted to go to sleep. I don't know where and why she has taken this notion that we should go and live alone.

When I had finished combing my hair, I sat on the floor, and my sister-in-law brought me my food on a tray. It may sound strange that my sister-in-law, and not my wife, should serve me, but it is so in our house. It used to be my mother who brought me my food, even after I was married; she would never allow my wife to do this for me, though my wife wanted to very much. Then, when my mother got so old, my sister-in-law began to serve me. I know that my wife feels deeply hurt by this, but she doesn't dare say anything. My mother really doesn't notice things any more; otherwise, she certainly would not allow my sister-in-law to serve me. She always used to be very jealous of this privilege, though she never cared who served my brother. Now she has become so old that she can hardly see anything, and most of the time she sits in the corner by the family trunks, and folds and strokes her pieces of cloth. For years now she has been collecting pieces of cloth. Some of them are very old and dirty, but she doesn't care. Nobody else is allowed to touch them, and once, I remember, there was a great quarrel because my wife had taken one of them to make a dress for our child. My mother shouted at her—it was terrible to hear her, but then she has never liked my wife—and my wife was very much afraid, and cried, and tried to excuse herself. I hit her across the face, not very hard and not because I wanted to, but only to satisfy my mother. It seemed to quiet the old woman, and she went back to folding and stroking her pieces of cloth.

All the time I was eating, I could feel my sister-in-law looking at me and smiling. It made me uncomfortable. I thought she might be smiling because she knew I wouldn't get the job for which I had to go and be interviewed that day. I also knew I wouldn't get it, but I didn't like her smiling like that, as if she were saying, “You see, you will always have to be dependent on us.” It is clearly my brother's duty to keep me and my family until I can get work and contribute my own earnings to the household, so there is no need for smiling. But it is true that I am more dependent on her now than on anyone else. Lately, my sister-in-law has become more and more the most important person in the house, and now she even keeps the keys and the household stores. At first, I didn't like this. As long as my mother was managing the household, I was sure of getting many extra tidbits. But now I find that my sister-in-law is also very kind to me—much more kind than she is to her husband. It is not for him that she saves the tidbits, or for her children. She never says anything when she gives them to me, but she smiles, and then I feel confused and rather embarrassed. My wife has noticed what she does for me.

I have found that women are usually kind to me. I think they realize that I am a rather sensitive person, and that therefore I must be treated gently. My mother has always treated me very gently. I am her youngest child, and I am fifteen years younger than my brother, who is next to me. (She did have several children in between us, but they all died.) Right from the time when I was a tiny baby, she understood that I needed greater care and tenderness than other children. She always made me sleep close beside her in the night, and in the day I usually sat with her and my grandmother and my widowed aunt, who were also very fond of me. When I got bigger, my father sometimes wanted to take me to help in his stall (he had a little grocer's stall, where he sold lentils and rice and cheap cigarettes and colored drinks in bottles), but my mother and grandmother and aunt never liked to let me go. Once, I remember, he did take me with him, and he made me pour some lentils out of paper bags into a tin. I rather liked pouring the lentils—they made such a nice noise as they landed in the tin—but suddenly my mother came and was very angry with my father for making me do this work. She took me home at once, and when she told my grandmother and aunt what had happened, they stroked me and kissed me, and then they gave me a beautiful hot fritter to eat. The fact is, right from childhood I have been a person who needs a lot of peace and rest, and my food, too, has to be rather more delicate than that of other people. I have often tried to explain this to my wife, but as she is not very intelligent, she doesn't seem to understand.

Now my wife was watching me while I ate. She was squatting on the floor, washing our youngest baby; the child's head was in her lap, and all one could see of it was the back of its naked legs. My wife did not watch me as openly as my sister-in-law did, but from time to time she raised her eyes to me, looking very worried and troubled. She, too, was thinking about the job for which I was going to be interviewed, but she was anxious that I should get it. I cannot imagine why she wanted us to go and live alone, when she knew that it was not possible and never would be.

And even if it were possible, I would not like it. I cannot leave my mother, and I do not think I would like to live away from my sister-in-law. I often look at her, and it makes me happy. Even though she is not young any more, she is still beautiful. She is tall, with big hips and eyes that flash. She often gets angry, and then she is the most beautiful of all. Her eyes look like fire and she shows all her teeth, which are very strong and white, and her head is proud, with the black hair flying loose. My wife is not beautiful at all. I was very disappointed in her when they first married me to her. Now I have grown used to her, and I even like her, because she is so good and quiet and never troubles me at all. But I don't think anybody else in our house likes her. My sister-in-law always calls her “that beauty,” and she makes her do all the most difficult household tasks. She shouts at her and abuses her, which is not right, because my wife has never done anything to her and has always treated her with respect. But I cannot interfere in their quarrels.

I finished my meal and then I was ready to go, though I did not want to. My mother blessed me, and my sister-in-law looked at me over her shoulder, and her great eyes flashed with laughter. I did not look at my wife, who still sat squatting on the floor, but I knew she was pleading with me to get the job. Even as I walked down the stairs, I knew what would happen at the interview. I had been to so many during the past few months, and the same thing always happened. Of course, I know I have to work. My last position was in an insurance office, and all day they made me sit at a desk and write figures. What pleasure could there be for me in that? I am a very thoughtful person, and I

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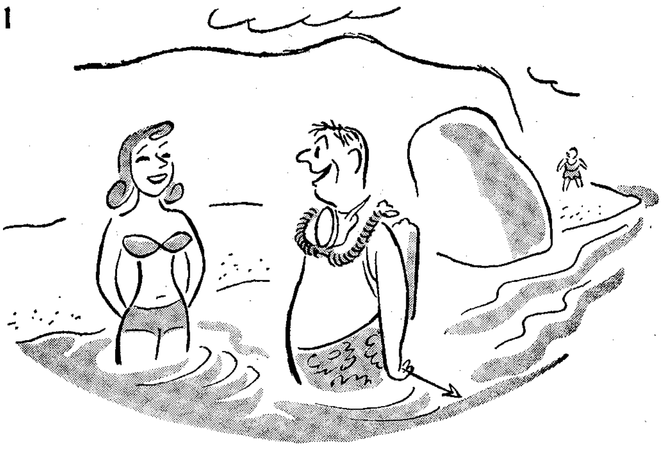

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always like to sit and think my own thoughts. But in that office my thinking sometimes caused me to make mistakes over the figures, and then they were very angry with me. I was always afraid of their anger, and I begged their forgiveness and admitted that I was much at fault. But the last time they would not forgive me again, although I begged many times and cried what a faulty, bad man I was and what good men they were, and how they were my mother and my father, and how I looked only to them for my life and the lives of my children. But when they still said I must go, I saw that the work there was really finished, so I stopped crying. I went into the cloakroom and combed my hair and folded my soap in my towel, and then I took my money from the accountant without a word and left the office with my eyes lowered. But I was no longer afraid, because what is finished is finished, and my brother still had work and probably one day I would get another job.

Ever since then, my brother has been trying to get me into government service. He himself is a clerk in government service, and enjoys many advantages. Every five years, he gets an increase of ten rupees in his salary. He has ten days' sick leave in the year, and when he retires he will get a pension. It would be good for me to have such a job, but it is difficult to get, because first there is an interview, at which important people sit at a desk and ask many questions. Because I am afraid of them, I cannot understand properly what they are saying, but I answer what I think they want me to answer. But it seems that my answers are somehow not the right ones, because they have not given me a job.

Now, as I walked down the stairs, I wished I could go to the cinema, instead. If I had had ten annas, perhaps I would have gone; it was just time for the morning show. The young clerks and the students would be collecting in a queue outside the cinema now. They would be standing and not talking much, holding their ten annas and waiting for the box office to open. I enjoy those morning shows, perhaps because the people who come to them are all young men, like myself—all silent and rather sad. I am often sad; it would even be right to say that I am sad most of the time. But when the film begins, I am happy. I love to see the beautiful women dressed in golden clothes, with heavy earrings, and necklaces, and bracelets covering their arms, and to see their handsome lovers, who are all the things I would like to be. And when they sing their love songs, so full of deep feelings, the tears sometimes come into my eyes, because I am so happy. After the film is over, I never go home straightway, but I walk around the streets and think about how wonderful life could be.

WHEN I arrived at the place where the interview was, I had to walk down many corridors and ask directions from many peons before I could find the right room. The peons were all rude to me, because they knew what I had come for. They lounged back on benches outside the offices, and when I asked them, they looked me up and down before answering, and sometimes made jokes about me to one another. But I was very polite to them, for even though they were only peons, they had uniforms and jobs and belonged here, whereas I did not. At last I came to the room where I had to wait. Many others were already sitting there, on chairs drawn up against the wall all around the room. No one was talking. I found a chair, and after a while an official came in with a list and asked if anyone else had come. I got up and he asked my name, and then he looked down the list and made a tick with a pencil. "Why are you late?" he asked me very sternly. I begged pardon and told him the bus in which I had come had had an accident. He said, "When you are called for an interview, you have to be here exactly on time, or your name is crossed off the list." I begged pardon again and asked him very humbly please not to cross me off this time. I knew that all the others were listening, even though none of them looked at us. He said some more things to me very scornfully, but in the end he said, "Wait here. When your name is called, you must go in at once."

I didn't count the number of people waiting in the room, but there were a great many. Perhaps there was one job free, perhaps two or three. As I sat there, I began to feel the others all hoping anxiously that they might get the job, so I became worried and anxious, too. I stared around and tried to put my mind on something else. The walls of the room were painted green halfway up and white above that, and were quite bare. There was a fan turning from the ceiling, but it didn't give much breeze. An interview was going on behind the big door. One by one, we would all be called in there and have the door closed behind us.

I began to worry desperately. It always happens like this. When I come to an interview, I never want the job at all, but when I see all the others waiting and worrying, I want it terribly. Yet at the same time I know, deep down, that I don't want it. I know it would only be the same thing over again: writing figures and making mistakes and then being afraid when they found out. And there would be a superior officer in my office to whom I would have to be very deferential, and every time I saw him or heard his voice I would begin to be afraid that he had found out something against me. For weeks and months I would sit and write figures, getting wearier of it and wearier, and thinking my own thoughts more and more. Then the mistakes would come, and my superior officer would be angry.

My brother never makes mistakes. For years he has been sitting in the same office, writing figures, being deferen-

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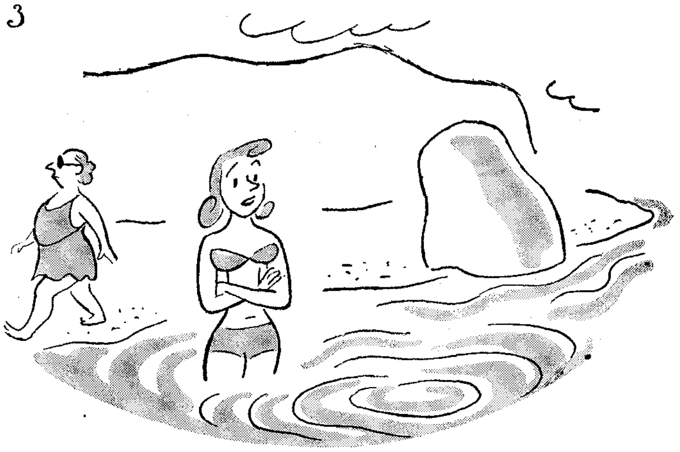

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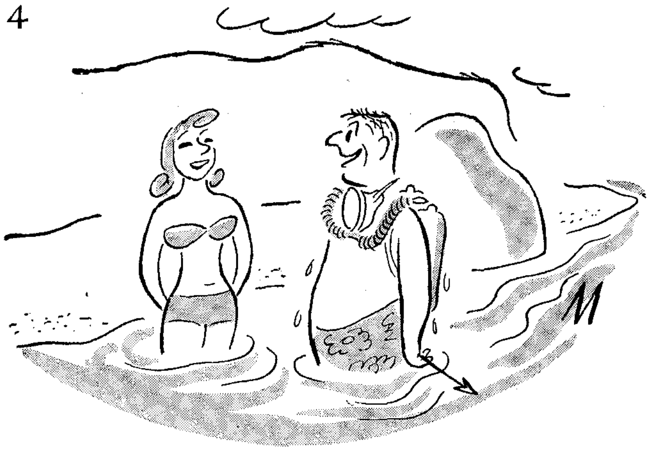


tial to his superior officer, and concentrating very hard on his work. But, nevertheless, he is afraid of the same thing—a mistake that will make them angry with him and cost him his job. I think it is right for him to be afraid, for what would become of us all if he also lost his job? It is not the same with me. I believe I am afraid to lose my job only because that is a thing of which one is expected to be afraid. When I have actually lost it, I am really relieved. But this is not surprising, because I *am* very different from my brother; even in appearance I am different. As I have said, he is fifteen years older than I, but even when he was my age, he never looked as I do. My appearance has always attracted others, and right up to the time I was married my mother used to stroke my hair and my face and say many tender things to me. Once, when I was walking on my way to school through the bazaar, a man called to me very softly, and when I came he gave me a ripe mango, and said, "You are beautiful, beautiful." He looked at me in an odd, kind way, and wanted me to go with him to his house, in another part of the city. I love wearing fine clothes—especially very thin white muslin kurtas that have been freshly washed and starched, and are embroidered at the shoulders. Sometimes I also use scent—a fine khas smell—and my hair oil also smells of khas. Several years ago, just after I was married, there was a handsome teen-age girl who lived in the tailor's shop opposite our house and who used to wait for me and follow me whenever I went out. But it is my brother, not I, who is married to a beautiful wife, and this has always seemed most unfair.

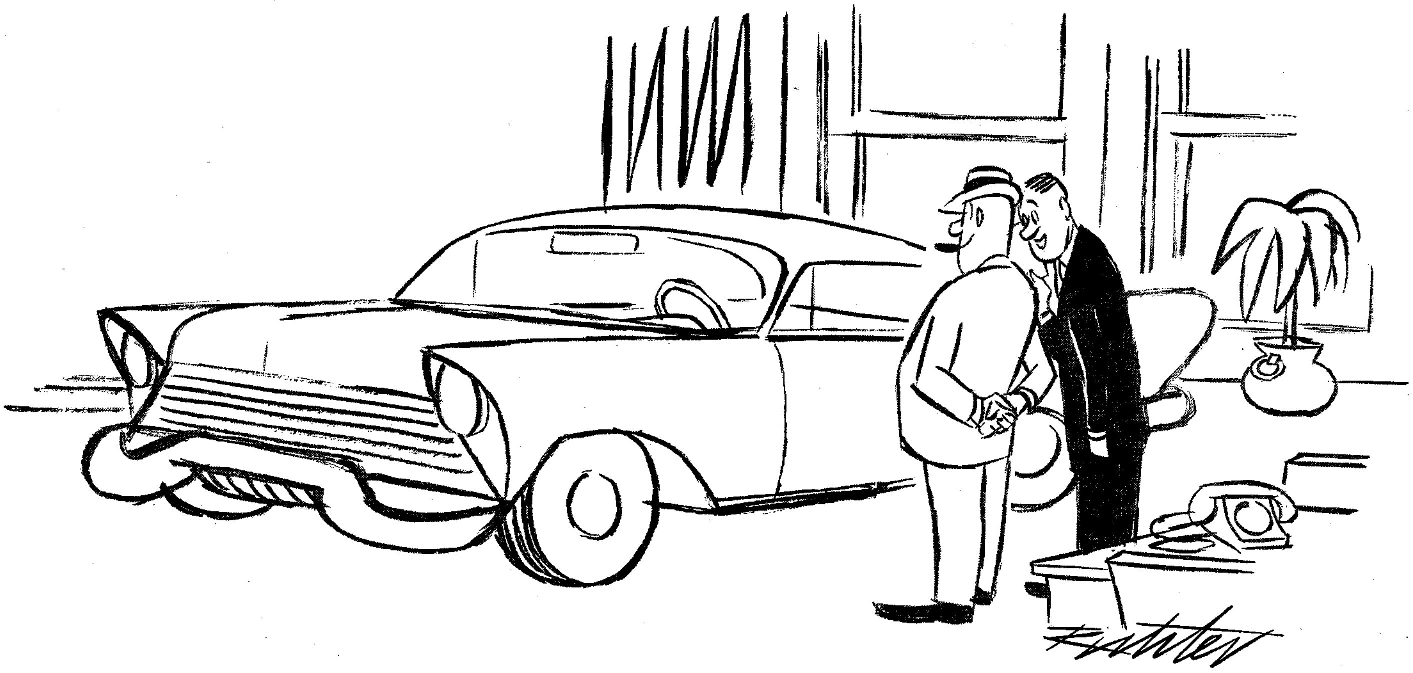
The big closed door opened and the man who had been in there for an interview came out. We all looked at him, but he walked out in a great hurry, with a preoccupied expression on his face. I could feel the anxiety in the other men getting stronger, and mine, too. The official with the list came, and we all looked up at him. He read off another name, and the man whose name was called jumped up from his chair. He started forward, but then he was brought up short by his dhoti, which had got caught on a nail in the chair. As soon as he realized what had happened, he became very agitated, and when he tried to disentangle himself, his fingers shook so much that he could not get the dhoti off the nail. The official watched him coldly and said, "Hurry, now! Do you think the gentlemen will wait for as long as you please?" In his confusion, the man dropped his umbrella, and then he tried to disentangle the dhoti and pick up the umbrella at the same time. When he could not get the dhoti loose, he became so desperate that he pulled at the cloth and ripped it free. It was a pity to see the dhoti torn, because it was a new one, which he was probably wearing for the first time and had put on specially for the interview. He clasped his umbrella to his chest and scurried into the interviewing room with his dhoti hanging about his legs and his face swollen with embarrassment and confusion.

We all sat and waited. The fan, which seemed to be a very old one, made a creaking noise. One man kept cracking his finger joints—*tik*, we heard, *tik*. All the rest of us kept very still. From time to time, the official with the list came in and walked around the room very slowly, tapping his list, and then we all looked down at our feet, and the man even stopped cracking his fingers. A faint and muffled sound of voices came from behind the closed door. Sometimes a voice was raised, but even then I could not make out what was being said, though I strained hard.

My previous interview was very unpleasant for me. One of the people who were interviewing took a dislike to me and shouted at me very loudly. He was a large, fat man who wore an English suit. His teeth were quite yellow, and when he became angry and shouted he showed them all, and even though I was very upset, I couldn't help looking at them and wondering how they had become so yellow. I don't know why he was angry. He shouted, "Good God, man! Can't you understand what's said to you?" It was true I could not understand, but I had been trying hard to answer well. What else did he expect of me? Probably there was something in my appearance he did not like. It happens that way sometimes—they take a dislike to you, and then, of course, there is nothing you can do.

Now the thought of the man with the yellow teeth made me more anxious than ever. I need great calm in my life. Whenever anything worries me too much, I have to cast the thought of it off immediately; otherwise, there is a danger that I may become ill. I felt now as if I were about to become very ill. All my limbs were itching, so that it was difficult for me to sit still, and I could feel blood rushing into my brain. I knew it was this room that was doing me so much harm—the waiting, silent men, the noise from the fan, the official with the list walking up and down, tapping his list or striking it against his thigh, and the big closed door behind which the interview was going on. I felt a great need to get up and go away. I *didn't* want the job. I wasn't even thinking about it any more—only about how to avoid having to sit here and wait.

Now the door opened again and the man with the torn dhoti came out. He was biting his lip and scratching the back of his neck, and he, too, walked straight out without looking at us at all. The big door of the interviewing room was left slightly open for a moment, and I could see a man's arm in a white shirt-sleeve, and part of the back of his head. His shirt was very white and of good material, and his ears stood away from his head, so that one could see how his spectacles fitted over the backs of his ears. I suddenly realized that this man



"The industry prefers us not to stress speed, but I can tell you, in strict confidence, she'll do well over a hundred and twenty easily."

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would be my enemy, and that he would make things very difficult for me, and perhaps even shout at me. Then I knew it was no use for me to stay there. The official with the list came back, and a panic seized me that he would read out my name. I rose quickly, murmuring, "Please excuse me—bathroom," and went out. I heard the official with the list call after me "Hey, Mister, where are you going?" so I lowered my head and walked faster. I would have started to run, but that might have caused some kind of suspicion, so I just walked as fast as I could down the stairs and right out of the building. There, at last, I was able to stop and take a deep breath, and I felt much better.

I STOOD still only for a minute, and then I started off again, though not in any particular direction. There were a great many clerks and peons moving past me in the street, hurrying from one office building to another, with files and papers under their arms. Everyone seemed to have something to do. In the next block, I found a little park, and I was glad to see people like myself, who had nothing to do, sitting under the trees or in any other patch of shade they could find. But I couldn't sit there; it was too close to the office blocks, and any moment someone might come up and say to me, "Why did you go away?" So I walked farther. I was feeling quite lighthearted with relief over having escaped the interview.

At last I came to a row of eating stalls, and I sat down on a wooden bench outside one of them, which was called the Paris Hotel, and asked for tea. I felt badly in need of tea, and since I intended to walk part of the way home, I was in a position to pay for it. There were two Sikhs sitting at the end of my bench, who were eating with great appetite, dipping their hands very rapidly into brass bowls. Between mouthfuls, they exchanged remarks with the proprietor of the Paris Hotel, who sat high up inside his stall, stirring a big brass pot in which he was cooking the day's food. He was chewing a betel leaf, and from time to time he very skillfully spat the red betel juice far over the cooking pot and onto the ground between the wooden benches and tables.

I sat quietly at my end of the bench and drank my tea. The food smelled good, and it made me realize that I was hungry. I made a calculation, and decided that if I walked all the way home, I could afford a little cake. (I am very fond of sweet things.) The cake was not very new, but it had a beautiful piece of bright orange peel inside it. What I wanted to do when I got home was to lie down at once and not wake up again until the next morning. That way, no one would be able to ask me any questions. By not looking at my wife at all I would be able to avoid the question in her eyes. I would not look at my sister-in-law, either, but she would be smiling, that I knew—leaning against the wall, with her hand on her hip, and looking at me and smiling. She would know that I had run away, but she would not say anything.

Let her know! What did it matter? It was true I had no job and no immediate prospect of getting one. It was true that I was dependent on my brother. Everybody knew that. There is no shame in it; there are many people without jobs. And she had been so kind to me up till now that there was no reason she should not continue to be kind to me.

The Sikhs at the end of the bench had finished eating. They licked their fingers and belched deeply, the way one does after a good meal. They started to joke and laugh with the proprietor. I sat quiet and alone at my end of the bench. Of course, they did not laugh and joke with me, for they knew that I was superior to them; they work with their hands, whereas I am a lettered man who does not have to sweat for a living but sits on a chair in an office and writes figures and can speak in English. My brother is very proud of his superiority, and he has great contempt for carpenters and mechanics and such people. I, too, am proud of being a lettered man, but when I listened to the Sikhs laughing and joking, it occurred to me that perhaps their life was happier than mine. It was a thought that had come to me before. There is a carpenter who lives downstairs in our house, and though he is poor, there is always great eating in his house, and many people come, and I hear them laughing and singing and even dancing. The carpenter is a big, strong man, and he always looks happy, never anxious and sick with worry the way my brother does. To be sure, he doesn't wear shoes and clean white clothes as my brother and I do, nor does he speak any English, but all the same he is happy. I don't think he gets weary of his work, and he doesn't look like a man who is afraid of his superior officers.

I put the ignorant carpenter out of my mind, and thought again of my sister-in-law. If I were kind to her, I decided, she would really be kind to me someday. I became quite excited at this idea. Then I would know whether she is as soft and yet as strong as she looks. And I would know about her mouth, with the big, strong teeth. Her tongue and palate are very pink—just the color of the pink satin blouse she wears on festive occasions. And this satin has often made me think also of how smooth and warm her skin would feel. Her eyes would be shut and perhaps there would be tears on the lashes, and she would be smiling, but in a different sort of way. I became very excited when I thought of it, but then the excitement passed and I was sad. I thought of my wife, who is thin and not beautiful, and is without excitement. But she does whatever I want and always tries to please me. I thought of her whispering to me in the night, "Take me away to live somewhere alone—only you and I and the children." That can never be, and so always she will have to be unhappy.

Sitting on that bench, I grew more and more sad when I thought of her being unhappy, because it is not only she who is unhappy but I also, and many others. Everywhere there is unhappiness. I thought of the man whose new dhoti had been torn and who would now have to go home and sew it carefully, so that the tear would not be seen. I thought of all those other men sitting and waiting to be interviewed, all but one or two of whom would not get the job for which they had come, and so would have to go on to another interview and another and another, to sit and wait and be anxious. And my brother, who has a job but is frightened that he will lose it—and my mother, who is so old that she can only sit on the floor and stroke her pieces of cloth—and my sister-in-law, who is warm and strong and does not care for her husband. Yet life could be so different. When I go to the cinema and hear the beautiful songs they sing, I know how different it could be, and also sometimes when I sit alone and think my thoughts, I have a feeling that everything could be truly beautiful. But now my tea was finished and also my cake, and I wished I had not bought them, because it was a long way to walk home and I was tired.

—R. Prawer Jhabvala

THE GARDENER

Father, whom I knew well for forty years,
Yet never knew, I have come to know you now—
In age, make good at last those old arrears.

Though time that snows the hair and lines the brow
Has equalled us, it was not time alone
That brought me to the knowledge I here avow.

Some profound divination of your own
In all the natural effects you sought
Planted a secret that is now made known.

These woodland ways, with your heart's labor bought,
Trees that you nurtured, gardens that you planned,
Surround me here, mute symbols of your thought.

Your meaning beckons me on every hand;
Grave aisles and vistas, in their silence, speak
A language which I now can understand.

In all you did, as in yourself, unique—
Servant of beauty, whom I seek to know,
Discovering here the clue to what I seek.

When down the nave of your great elms I go
That soar their Gothic arches where the sky,
Nevertheless, with all its stars will show,

Or when the moon of summer, riding high,
Spills through the leaves her light from far away,
I feel we share the secret, you and I.

All these you loved and left. We may not stay
Long with the joy our hearts are set upon:
This is a thing that here you tried to say.

The night has fallen; the day's work is done;
Your groves, your lawns, the passion of this place
Cry out your love of them—but you are gone.

O father, whom I may no more embrace
In childish fervor, but, standing far apart,
Look on your spirit rather than your face,

Time now has touched me also, and my heart
Has learned a sadness that yours earlier knew,
Who labored here, though with the greater art.

The truth is on me now that was with you:
How life is sweet, even its very pain,
The years how fleeting and the days how few.

Truly, your labors have not been in vain;
These woods, these walks, these gardens—everywhere
I look, the glories of your love remain.

Therefore, for you, now beyond praise or prayer,
Before the night falls that shall make us one,
In which neither of us will know or care,

This kiss, father, from him who was your son.

—John Hall Wheelock

JEUX D'ETE

LATE in the afternoon, when their work was done, the young men of the town sailed their boats along the coast, out past the big hotels where foreigners stayed. They drifted in a wide, restless half circle around the private beaches belonging to the hotels. They liked to look at the foreign people and at the girls. The foreigners carried portable radios and smoked expensive cigarettes and their voices—French, German, and English—floated over the calm Adriatic bays and rocky shore. The hotels, up on a low cliff behind the beaches, were square and imposing, built before the war and the People's Revolution. Now the hotels were said to belong to the people, and it was perhaps because of this ownership that the people hung about at a distance, staring in. There were Yugoslavs as well as strangers in the hotels—well-to-do civil engineers, and meritorious members of the police—but the young men were not interested in any of them. One would have said, indeed, that they failed to see them.

The chief magnet those last, hot days of July was a trio of girls on the beach of the Hotel Marina. All day, every day, the girls lay, stretched like offerings, on the warm rocks, under a sun that bleached their hair and turned their faces brown. They had neat hair and straight teeth, and they wore frilly skirted bathing suits that covered the tops of their rather fat legs.

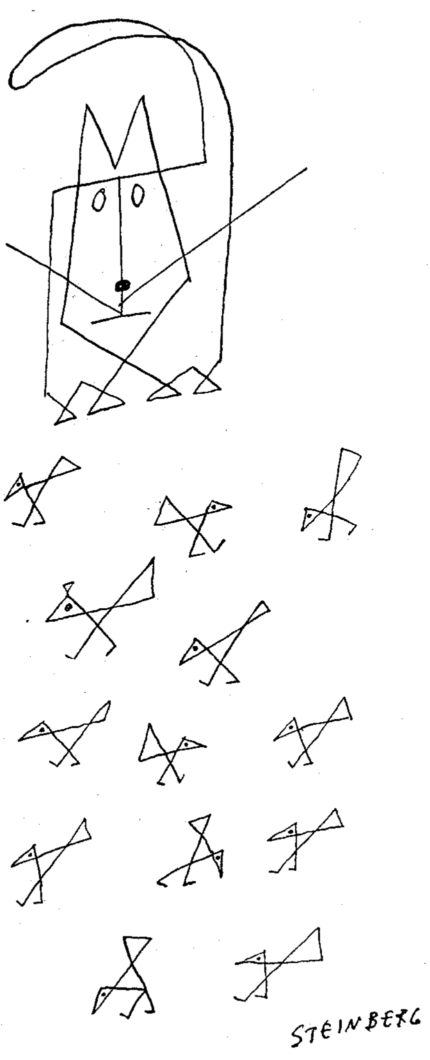
"American women are said to have the finest legs in the world," one of the dining-room waiters remarked, as if he had been deceived. He hung over the railing of the dining terrace, watching the three motionless girls. From the pocket of his white jacket he fished out two butts he had saved from the breakfast ashtrays. He offered one to his companion, another waiter, who lit both, flipping the match down among the bathers.

"They aren't women," his companion said. "They are little girls."

"They think they are women."

Nancy and Patty and Linda were conscious of being observed. Even without opening their eyes, they could tell when men were looking. They always smiled at the waiters—the right sort of smile, friendly but distant—and they swam cautiously, tentatively, around the anchored boats and the blond young men from town. Nancy and Patty were sisters; Linda was a friend. The three were being clucked through Europe by a Miss Baxter, a professional chaperone, who, though careful, had decided that no harm could come to them on the beach, and had gone off to town today on the pretext of visiting churches. The girls had been looking at things in Italy and were shortly to be looking at things in Greece. They had looked at everything in Paris, in Nice, in Florence, in Rome, and in Venice, all in less than four weeks. It had been cold in Paris and hot in Rome and smelly in Venice, and this beach, halfway down the Dalmatian coast, was the best part of the trip. They were good-tempered girls. They made no demands on the strange things they saw, or the strange people they met, and they had left a bland, favorable impression with the travel agents and consular officials with whom they had come in contact. To the undiscerning, they were alike as triplets. Miss Baxter could tell them apart, though. So could the boys in the boats.

Nancy and Patty lay with their eyes shut, silent, as if speech might interfere with the business of getting brown. The advantages of having spent the summer abroad were easily outweighed by the fear that in the autumn they would be paler than their friends. Secretly, they wished they had stayed home and gone up to the lake; but it was a wish neither of them expressed, not even to each other. Someone had told them that there were no beaches in Greece—none, at least, where they would be staying. They were determined to grasp all the benefits possible from these few days of sun. Only Linda seemed unable to settle down. She looked at the sea and then up at the waiters. Suddenly she got up, with no explanation, and climbed the concrete steps that led up to the hotel. Her departure had the effect of a signal. The sisters behaved as if an inhibiting force had been removed. Patty rolled over, sighing. Nancy knelt, blinking. She looked at the shallow side of the rocks, and at the part where it was safe to dive.



"Going in?" said Patty.

Nancy shook herself like a little dog, cold at the thought of the water she would strike. She climbed to the top of the piled-up rocks, gathered courage, and suddenly dived.

The boat nearest the beach was painted blue. One of the boys on board smoked a cigarette, the other sat with his feet over the side, moving them in the colorless water. He watched the girl who was swimming out to them. Both boys were fair, and nearly black with sun. Nancy caught a rope and, with the other hand, pushed back her dripping hair.

"I like your boat," she said.

"Come on, then," said the boy with the cigarette. He bent over and held out his hand.

"Uh-uh." She shook her head vigorously. Her eyelashes were stuck together in points with water. The boy with the cigarette lay prone. He edged closer to the side. He looked at her and then, suddenly giving up, lowered his head on his crossed arms.

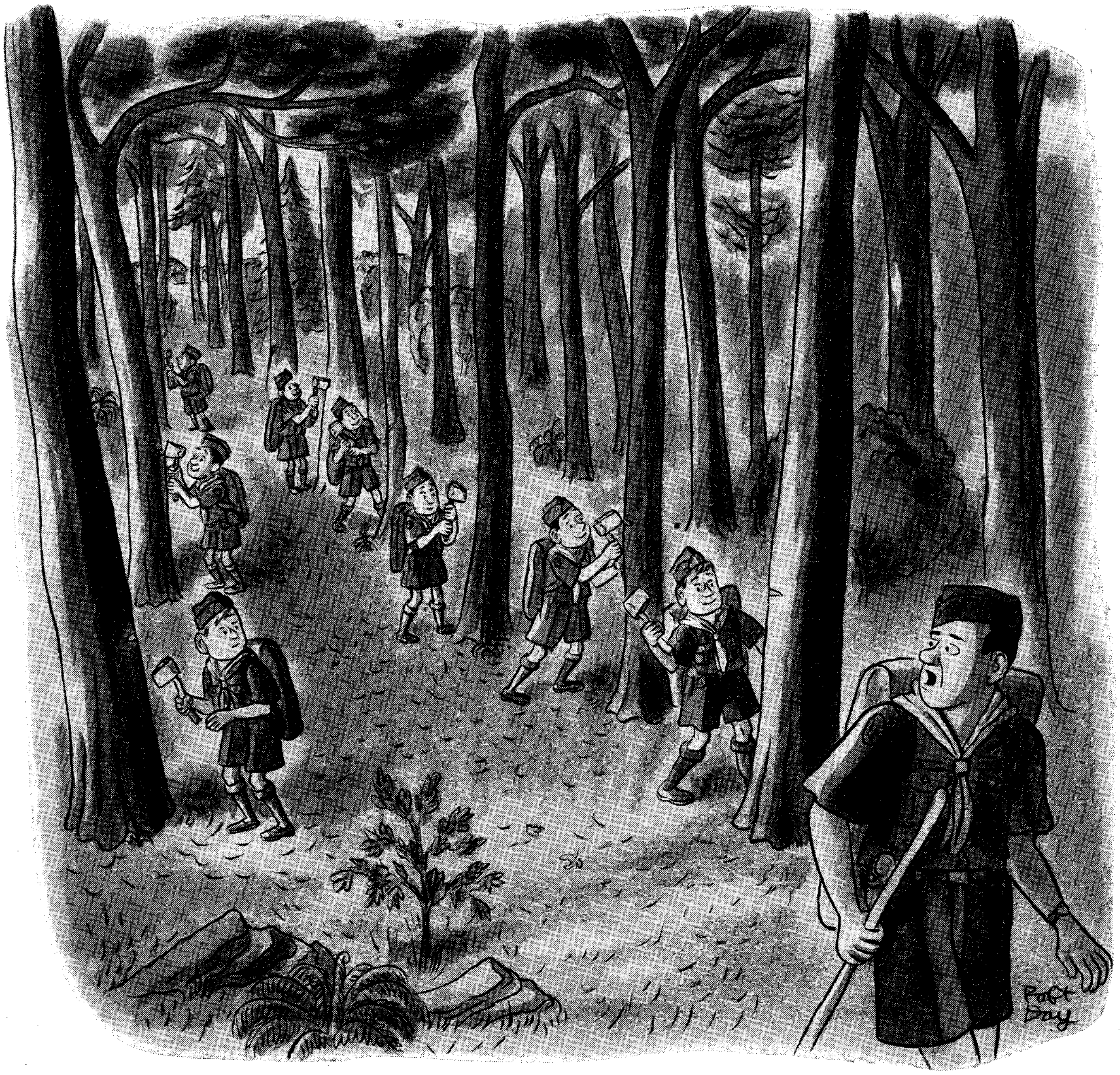
"Come with us," said his friend, slowly, with great concentration. He had to fish each word from a sea teeming with English expressions.

"Oh, for goodness' sake," said the girl. "Can't a person even talk about your boat without starting something?"

The boy smoking had not understood. He said to his friend, "Ask her to come for a sail. Tell her we'll go around the island."

His friend shook his head impatiently, and the girl let go the rope. She pushed herself out with a long backstroke and then turned over and swam to shore. They watched her pick her way out on the shallow side of the pier, over rocks perilous with sea urchins.

The boy smoking threw his cigarette into the calm water. He said, "Why



"For gosh sakes, fellows! Just a tree now and then."

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does she always come out, then? They're crazy, I think."

"The other girl would come," said his friend. He looked at the dry rocks above the shore, where Linda, back from the hotel, was settling down on a towel. "That's the one," he said, with an assurance that would not have surprised the sisters. Men had followed the girls in Italy, but only Linda's door had been nearly broken down. She was not prettier, or fairer, or better dressed. But she was the one Miss Baxter watched, and, with a resigned concession to the workings of nature, so did Nancy and Patty.

It took Linda, as always, about three minutes to arrange herself on a beach towel. "I've had a letter," she said, at last. "Remember that reporter we met in Florence, the one that was taking pictures for that Italian magazine?"

The sisters exchanged a look. The reporter, like every other man encountered on the trip, had shown an undisguised preference for Linda. "He wants to know if we're coming back through Italy," she went on. "They're trying out a new kind of submarine in Genoa or someplace. He wants me to go down in it, in the submarine. He says he'll take my picture. As he says, how can you make a submarine interesting all by itself? He says the story needs me. He says they'll put me on the cover."

"On what cover?" said Nancy. She longed to ask how he had known where to write, but felt it an unnecessary diversion.

"Oh, of some magazine."

The sisters were silent. They were by no means plain, and it seemed unfair that Linda should have everything. One of us would have had a chance if Linda hadn't been along, Nancy thought.

"I've cabled home," Linda said. "That's why I went up to the hotel just now. I thought I'd better do it and get it over with. I've asked my parents if it's all right. Baxie wasn't around, so I sent the cable myself."

"Why a cable?" said Patty. "Couldn't you have just written?"

"He wants an answer right away. Anyway, it's better to have your parents' consent; it's only polite. You sort of have to have it," said Linda, calmly, as if she were frequently involved in these emergencies. "I cabled, 'Offered chance to go down in new-type submarine for magazine cover please cable immediate permission.' Soon as I get the answer, I'll tell him yes."

"Well, I suppose your parents would hardly refuse," said Patty. "I mean, it's a once-in-a-lifetime chance."

"They might," said Linda, frowning. "They don't know it's a responsible sort of submarine, with officers and everything. They don't know there're going to be reporters and people around, and they don't know it isn't going to cost them any more money. I couldn't get all that in."

"You could have got in 'expenses paid,'" said Nancy. "Anyway, they probably wouldn't mind if they did have to pay something, for a thing like that."

"I wouldn't ask them for more money," said Linda, virtuously.

At this point, a display of virtue was insupportable.

"*Naturally* you wouldn't ask for any more," said Nancy. "*Naturally*. It happens to be free." She added, "You didn't even tell them which navy it was."

"I forgot."

After a silence, Patty said, "I'll bet your parents won't want you to be on the cover. Ours certainly wouldn't."

"No," said Nancy, "and what's more I wouldn't like it. Not for myself."

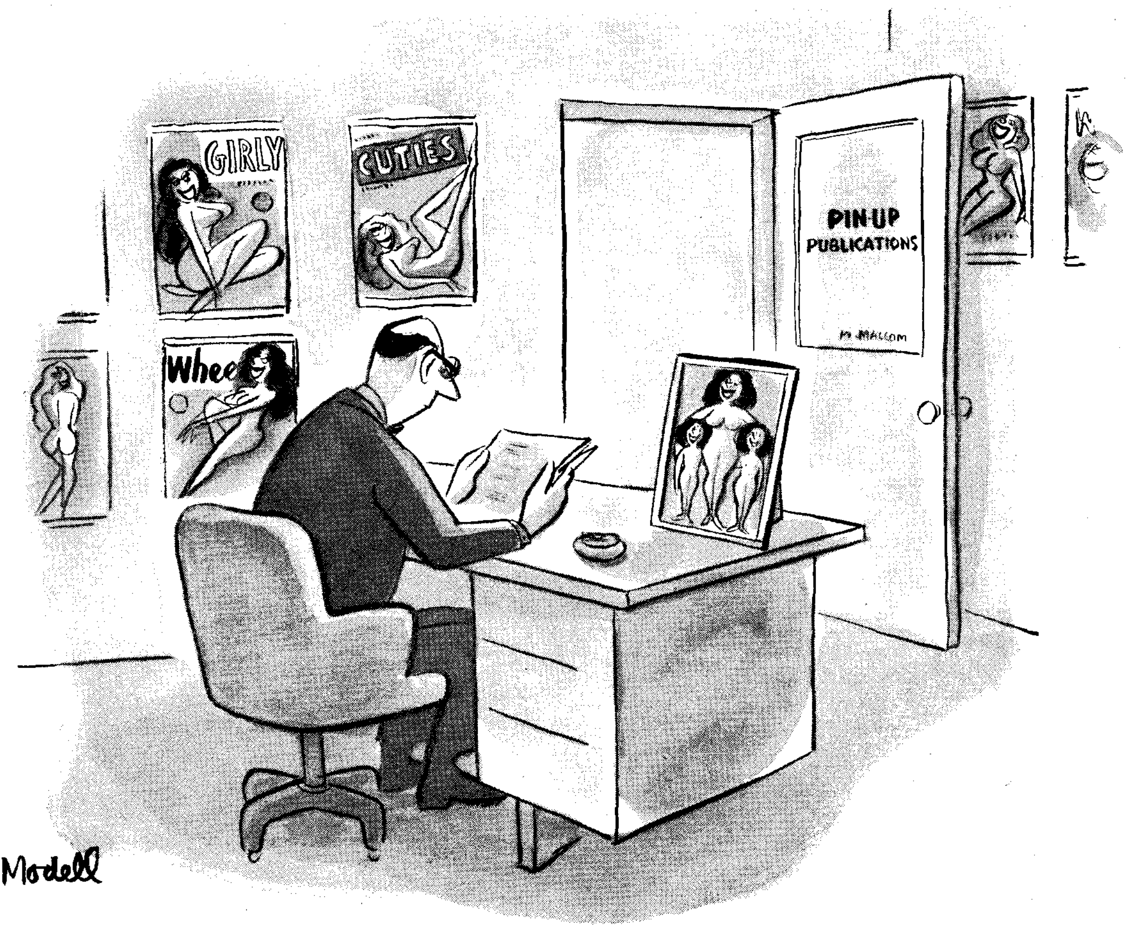
"Neither would I," her sister said.

"Well, it wouldn't be either of you, anyway," said Linda, "so it doesn't matter." She lay flat on her back, looking dreamily—but with slightly narrowed eyes, as if there were calculation in the dream—up to the fringe of pine that hung over the edge of the cliff. There was so much truth in her remark that the others were not offended. Linda's success was inevitable: she would be famous first, married first, everything first. Unable to compete, they tacitly decided to share the excitement of her career.

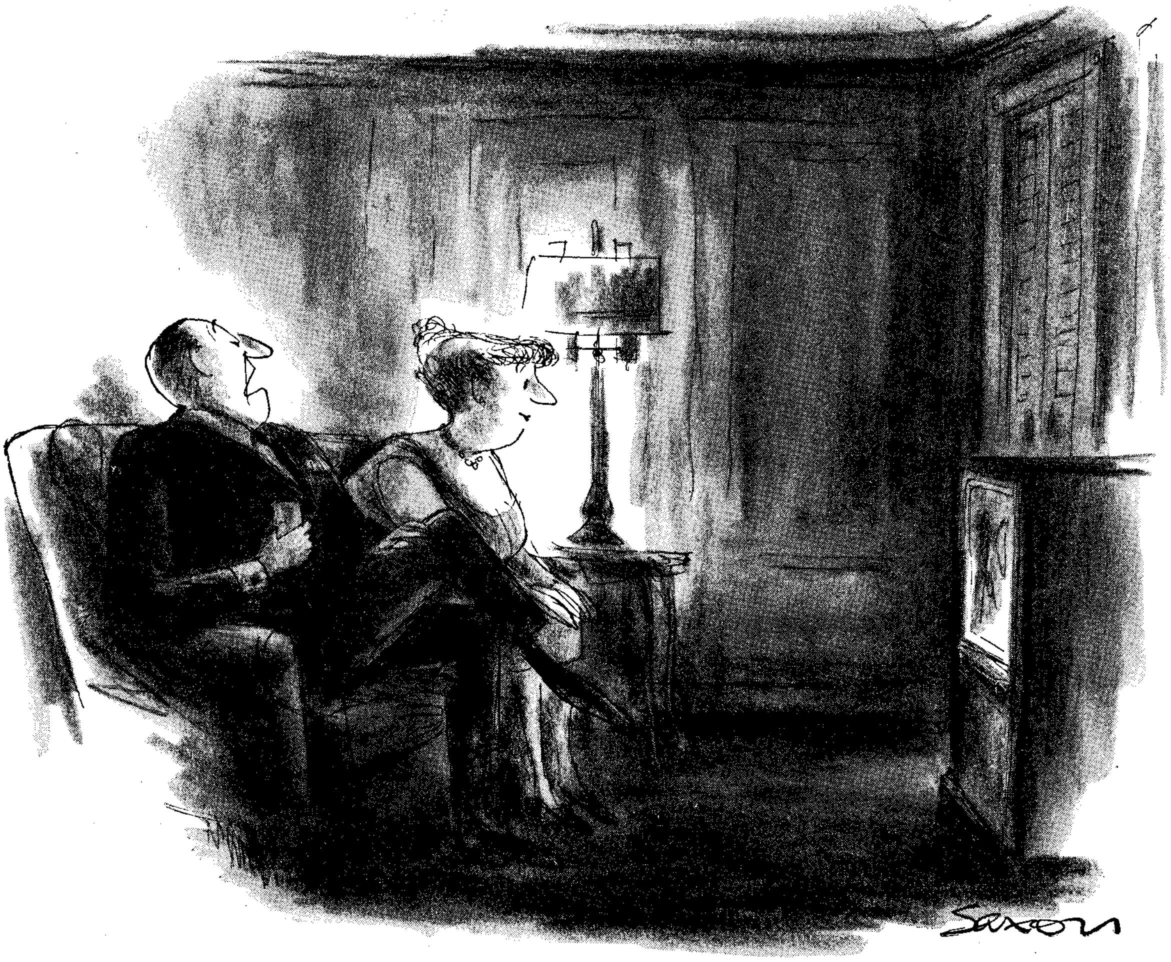
"Wait till Baxie hears it," Patty said. "She'll be thrilled. It's a lot more exciting than her old churches."

"Poor Baxie," Linda said, closing her eyes, giving herself up to the deliciousness of sun and of being pretty and desired. "Churches are Baxie's kind of fun, I guess."

As it happened, Miss Baxter was spending the afternoon in a café. The café was on a square facing what seemed to be a very old church. Conscientiously, she noted every feature of the church and of the square, so that she could tell the girls about it later on. The girls were not allowed to sit in cafés. They had promised their parents before sailing. Cozy with guilt, Miss Baxter wondered if she was being fair in enjoying something her charges were not permitted. Returning to her exercise in observation, she recorded swallows, two sailors in uniform, a Gothic fountain, the absence of motorcars, and the fact that every window shutter on the square was painted the same shade of green. She was in a mood to find everything lovely; the glass she drank from seemed enchanting, and a poster announcing a summer festival with the words "SUMMER GAMES—JEUX D'ETE" struck her as being something of great significance and charm.



Her companion, a shabby gentleman from a tourist office, ordered slivovitz for them both. He was fat and amiable and anxious to improve his English. He carried a dictionary and looked everything up before he spoke. Miss Baxter gravely assisted him. To her charges, she appeared plain and effaced. However, the man from the tourist office was not the first to have asked for help with the English language. Miss Baxter's blue eyes held a kind of watery sympathy. She wore soft pastel suits with felt flowers pinned to the lapel, and blouses with pleated jabots. Part of the year, she taught history in a girls' boarding school. Summers, she hired herself out as governess, chaperone, companion—anything that promised a season of travel or country living. This summer was particularly wonderful, for the girls' parents had let her choose the travel plan and given them all a large allowance. She was almost excruciatingly grateful. Three times a week she sent the parents a dull, detailed account of the places they had visited and the things they had seen. "We particularly enjoyed seeing the lovely Gold Staircase of Venice," she had written. "Linda was intrigued by the amusing round hats worn by the Italian gentlemen of the Renaissance. In the morning we hired a gondola. The girls were amused at the bargaining required in hiring this conveyance. Nancy remarked . . ." Three times a week she put this sort of thing in the post, closing each letter with her fulsome



"Thank God, my *mind is not clogged with a lot of extraneous facts!"*

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thanks. She wanted to thank the parents, but she also wanted to let them know that they were getting their money's worth. When she was with the girls, she talked incessantly. She felt that she was not doing her duty or earning her keep if she kept a single impression to herself. Sometimes, talking on and on, she obliterated the scene she was so anxious they should take away with them. She had been deeply moved in Venice by a small thing, the reflection of water from the canal outside shining on the ceiling of the room. She had pointed it out to the girls, one of whom had said indulgently, "Honestly, Baxie!" Yet she remembered it now, and she remembered Florence because for breakfast she had been given a fresh fig that was cold as water and tasted of cream. She also remembered how the bootboy in Florence had pointed to her bed, then her, then himself, then clasped his hands and put his head against them.

"Did you care for Italy?" said her companion politely. He waved a fly away from his drink.

Miss Baxter considered her answer with care. The Croats and the Italians, she knew, were traditional enemies. "It is difficult to travel in a Latin country with a party of girls," she said. Her drink smelled of warm fruit. She drank the last of it and felt patches of heat covering her cheeks.

He smiled sympathetically and said, "It will be different here."

"I know." Tears started to her eyes. How kind he was, how kind they all were, how kind the Florentine bootboy had been, how lovely the swallows were, swooping across the square!

"We are not like the Italians," he said. The waiter took away their small glasses and set fresh drinks before them.

"Thank goodness for that," Miss Baxter murmured, not really listening.

"Our boys are good boys," the man said. What he next had to say he assembled from his dictionary. Miss Baxter sipped her new drink, smiling at everyone. He had found the words: "I should say that, with our people, what matters is only the pure animal pleasure of making love." Uttered in bald English, it sounded quite wrong. Hastily, he ruffled his dictionary again.

"I'm sure," said Miss Baxter, still dreamy. The word "pure" had taken hold and she derived a sleepy pleasure from the idea of her girls purely in love. She had been so often in love herself, and fell so easily into romantic difficulties! The man from the tourist bureau seemed in no hurry to get back to work. Miss Baxter was perfectly content to sit on beside him. Conversation became at once halting and discursive: she remembered that they represented countries politically apart. Although not in the least politically minded, it seemed to her natural that the subject might arise, and destroy this new relationship—warm, sleepy, pleasantly sensuous. It was possible that he, too, felt this constraint. Their talk became slower. An awareness of what they were really about, and of what this was bound to lead to, surrounded them like—Miss Baxter thought—a warm little cloud. All the same, it made it difficult to get on with the normal interchange of polite speech, particularly between strangers who barely spoke the same tongue. It was almost seven o'clock before the lengthening shadows of buildings on the square reminded her of how long she had been away. Yawning, her companion paid for their drinks. For the moment, they were glad to part.

The man from the tourist office admired her frilled blouse. "Our women are like men," he said, holding her hand. "It is your femininity we find appealing." The "you" was collective—Miss Baxter was too modest to accept the entire tribute for herself—yet something like intimacy established itself, as if they had been through danger together, and Miss Baxter, brushing something invisible from her cheek, agreed that femininity was important. They made an appointment to meet on Sunday.

"It is our last day," she said, already savoring Sunday, and feeling warmly sad at the parting to follow.

PANIC came during the walk back to the hotel. The road from town was long and hot, and the flaming oleanders cast a thin lacy shade. How could she have left her girls alone, on the beach, for an entire afternoon? I cannot be trusted, she thought. It was a thought she wore with comfort. It became her, like the curly lines of her clothes and the almost liquid anxiety in her eyes. She thought about Sunday, and the man from the tourist office. He was fat and affable. He was a *kind* man, she thought, halting in a patch of shade. But her charges, her girls! They might have drowned, or had indigestion, or disappeared in a sailboat with the blond young men from town.

The pure animal pleasure of making love, the man had said. Perhaps he had been trying to warn her. The trouble had been his voice, so very reassuring; it had prevented her from taking in the import of his words. By the time she reached the hotel, anxiety was like a rope around her throat, and her voice, when she asked the desk clerk if he had seen her girls, was hoarse and uncontrolled.

"Your girls are here," said Linda, behind her. They had dressed for the evening in fresh, cool blouses and skirts. Their hair, streaked with sun and salt, was brushed, their lips rouged and expectant. Their expectancy terrified Miss Baxter; they seemed to her terribly in danger. I left them alone for most of a day in a country where anything might happen, she said to herself, but even as she produced the thought, she knew that the danger she had left them exposed to was not political. The truth was that she herself had always been expectant, still was (What about Sunday? What about the man from the tourist bureau?), and her life was strewn with errors and moves of unsurpassable stupidity.

"Oh, Baxie!" Nancy cried, falsely enthusiastic. "Guess what! Linda's been asked to go down in a submarine, and she's cabled home for permission."

Even if I were perfectly sober and could consider this rationally, Miss Baxter thought, I could not consider myself a greater failure than at this moment.

"I wish you had discussed it with me first," she said. "It was up to me to send the cable. What will Linda's parents think of me? After all they've spent."

"It's not going to cost them anything," Linda said sulkily.

"I mean, after all they've spent for me," said Miss Baxter. "Oh, I cannot bear it. No, no, don't tell me who has invited Linda to go down in a submarine. One of those boys in the sailboats . . ."

They denied it together, indignant. Linda said, "Honestly, Baxie, when you get like that, a person doesn't know what to do with you. It's not your fault. You couldn't help it if he asked me."

"Who?"

"This reporter," Nancy said. "You know, the one we met in Florence. The one that told us to be careful in Italy not to talk to married men."

"Yes, but then we met this other man, remember?" said her sister. "That sort of nice married man with the mustache, on the train, the one that told us never to talk to *single* men?"

Miss Baxter was not to be diverted. "I said nothing in any of my letters home about a reporter. What on earth are your parents going to think now? If only you girls would try to understand my position, my . . . my position," she said.

"Oh, Bax," said Linda, affectionately. She put her arm about Miss Baxter's shoulders and said, "What's your position, Baxie?"

The elating effect of the slivovitz had worn off just enough to give her a headache. But she still retained an alcoholic feeling of clarity. "My position is that I owe your parents a great deal in return for this trip. Your position is that you are spoiled, silly, and rich."

She spoke so quietly that it was a moment or so before any of the girls realized a scene had been created. They looked at one another. They considered her reference to money indelicate in the extreme, but none of them could say so. They had been brought up to deprecate extravagance and to say that they couldn't afford things. Also, they felt that Baxie had no right to divert attention from Linda to herself. This was Linda's moment; even Baxie, unworldly though she was, ought to realize it.

In silence they filed out to the dining terrace for dinner. In silence they attempted to sulk; but they kept forgetting they were annoyed and even found themselves commenting on Miss Baxter's description of a church.

"How long will we be in Greece?" Linda said.

"A week."

"A whole week!" It was impossible to tell whether her exclamation meant joy or dismay.

"A whole week for all of Greece," Miss Baxter said. "Then back to Paris and home. We shall have had the best of it by then. August is so hot. We've had the best part of the summer. There's only tomorrow here and then Sunday, our last day."

"Our last day," Nancy said, working herself up to a feeling of nostalgia.

"I'll have my answer by then," Linda said, looking dreamily out to the warm summer sea. "I'll have my cable and I can tell him yes, and then we'll have Greece and then there's my submarine. Oh, Baxie!"

"I know," Miss Baxter said. "Only don't count on it, Linda dear."

But this was so preposterous that none of them bothered to reply.

—MAVIS GALLANT

• •

BITTER THOUGHTS ON RECEIVING A SLICE OF CORDELIA'S WEDDING CAKE

Why have such scores of lovely, gifted girls
    Married impossible men?
Simple self-sacrifice may be ruled out,
    And missionary endeavor, nine times out of ten.

Repeat "impossible men"—not merely rustic,
    Foul-tempered, or depraved
(Dramatic foils chosen to show the world
    How well women behave, and always have behaved).

Impossible men—idle, illiterate,
    Self-pitying, dirty, sly,
For whose appearance even in city parks
    Excuses must be made to casual passersby.

Has God's supply of tolerable husbands
    Tumbled to a new low?
Or do I always overvalue woman
    At the expense of man?
                Do I?
                    It might be so.

—ROBERT GRAVES

LETTER FROM THE EAST

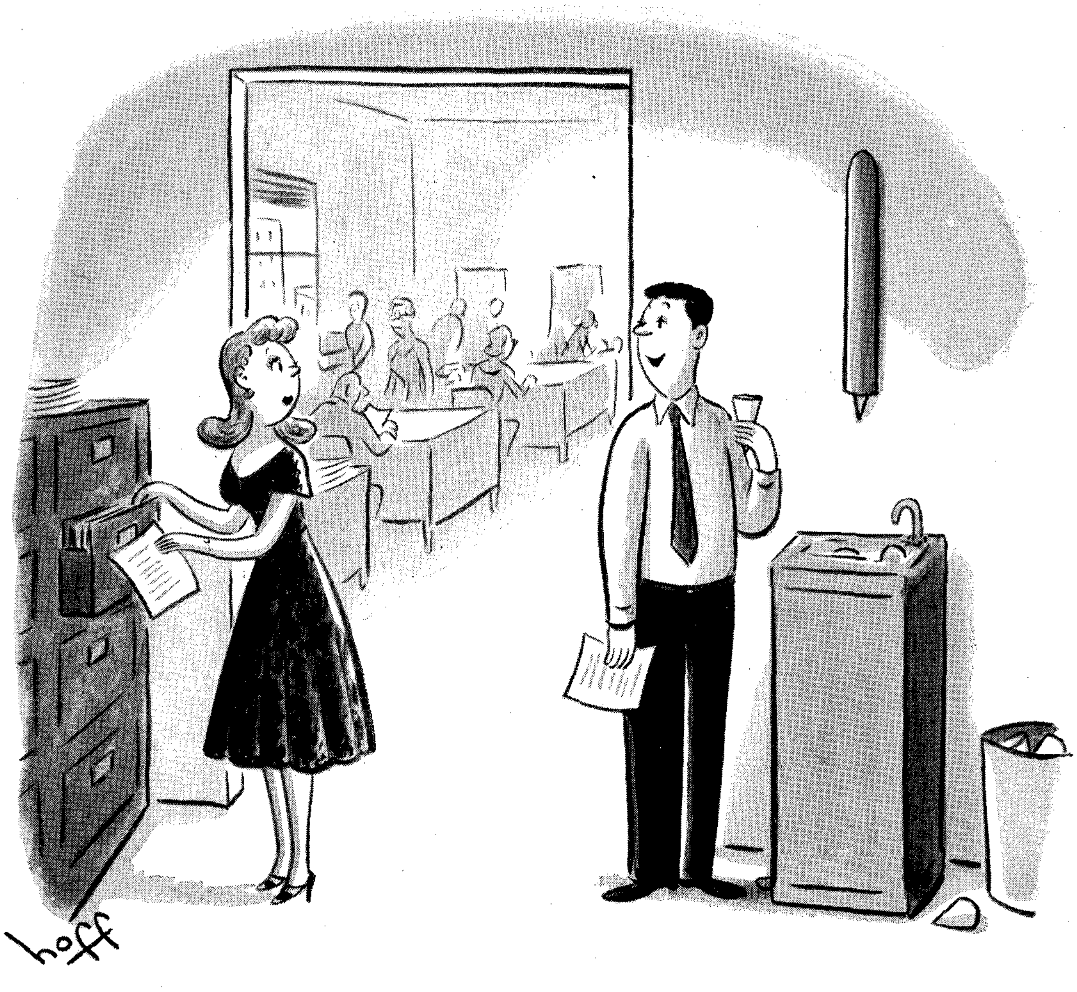
Turtle Bay
July 15

MOSQUITOES have arrived with the warm nights, and our bedchamber is their theatre under the stars. I have been up and down all night, swinging at them with a face towel dampened at one end to give it authority. This morning I suffer from the lightheadedness that comes from no sleep—a sort of drunkenness, very good for writing because all sense of responsibility for what the words say is gone. Yesterday evening my wife showed up with a few yards of netting, and together we knelt and covered the fireplace with an illusion veil. It looks like a bride. (One of our many theories is that mosquitoes come down chimneys.) I bought a couple of adjustable screens at the hardware store on Third Avenue and they are in place in the windows; but the window sashes in this building are so old and irregular that any mosquito except one suffering from elephantiasis has no difficulty walking into the room through the space between sash and screen. (And then there is the even larger opening between upper sash and lower sash when the lower sash is raised to receive the screen—a space that hardly ever occurs to an apartment dweller but must occur to all mosquitoes.) I also bought a very old air-conditioning machine for twenty-five dollars, a great bargain, and I like this machine. It has almost no effect on the atmosphere of the room, merely chipping the edge off the heat, and it makes a loud grinding noise reminiscent of the subway, so that I can snap off the lights, close my eyes, holding the damp towel at the ready, and imagine, with the first stab, that I am riding in the underground and being pricked by pins wielded by angry girls.

Another theory of mine about the Turtle Bay mosquito is that he is swept into one's bedroom through the air-conditioner, riding the cool indraft as an eagle rides a warm updraft. It is a feeble theory, but a man has to entertain theories if he is to while away the hours of sleeplessness. I wanted to buy some old-fashioned bug spray, and went to the store for that purpose, but when I asked the clerk for a Flit gun and some Flit, he gave me a queer look, as though wondering where I had been keeping myself all these years. "We got something a lot stronger than that," he said, producing a can of stuff that contained chlordane and several other unmentionable chemicals. I told him I couldn't use it because I was hypersensitive to chlordane. "Gets me right in the liver," I said, throwing a wild glance at him.

The mornings are the pleasantest times in the apartment, exhaustion having set in, the sated mosquitoes at rest on ceiling and walls, sleeping it off, the room a swirl of tortured bedclothes and abandoned garments, the vines in their full leafiness filtering the hard light of day, the air-conditioner silent at last, like the mosquitoes. From Third Avenue comes the sound of the mad builders—American cicadas, out in the noonday sun. In the garden the sparrow chants—a desultory second courtship, a subdued passion, in keeping with the great heat, love in summertime, relaxed and languorous. I shall miss this apartment when it is gone; we are quitting it come fall, to turn ourselves out to pasture. Every so often I make an attempt to simplify my life, burning my books behind me, selling the occasional chair, discarding the accumulated miscellany. I have noticed, though, that these purifications of mine—to which my wife submits with cautious grace—have usually led to even greater complexity in the long pull, and I have no doubt this one will, too, for I don't trust myself in a situation of this sort and suspect that my first act as an old horse will be to set to work improving the pasture. I may even join a pasture-improvement society. The last time I tried to purify myself by fire, I managed to acquire a zoo in the process and am still supporting it and carrying heavy pails of water to the animals, a task that is sometimes beyond my strength.

A BOOK I have decided not to burn is a small one that arrived in the mail not long ago, a gift from a friend in Ithaca. It is "The Elements of Style," by the late William Strunk, Jr., and it was known on the Cornell campus in my day as "the little book," with the stress on the word "little." I must have once owned a copy, for I took English 8 under Professor Strunk



"This is an intoxicating drink, Miss Norton, with you standing nearby."

REGALI
TRATTORIA
LISEVANDE
VINI
B TOBEY

"O.K., now start haggling."

• •

in 1919 and the book was required reading, but my copy presumably failed to survive an early purge. I'd not laid eyes on it in thirty-eight years. Am now delighted to study it again and rediscover its rich deposits of gold.

"The Elements of Style" was Will Strunk's *parvum opus*, his attempt to cut the vast tangle of English rhetoric down to size and write its rules and principles on the head of a pin. Will himself hung the title "little" on the book: he referred to it sardonically and with secret pride as "the *little* book," always giving the word "little" a special twist, as though he were putting a spin on a ball. The title page reveals that the book was privately printed (Ithaca, N.Y.) and that it was copyrighted in 1918 by the author. It is a forty-three-page summation of the case for cleanliness, accuracy, and brevity in the use of English. Its vigor is unimpaired, and for sheer pith I think it probably sets a record that is not likely to be broken. The Cornell University Library has one copy. It had two, but my friend pried one loose and mailed it to me.

The book consists of a short introduction, eight rules of usage, ten principles of composition, a few matters of form, a list of words and expressions commonly misused, a list of words commonly misspelled. That's all there is. The rules and principles are in the form of direct commands, Sergeant Strunk snapping orders to his platoon. "Do not join independent clauses with a comma." (Rule 5.) "Do not break sentences in two." (Rule 6.) "Use the active voice." (Rule 11.) "Omit needless words." (Rule 13.) "Avoid a succession of loose sentences." (Rule 14.) "In summaries, keep to one tense." (Rule 17.) Each rule or principle is followed by a short hortatory essay, and the exhortation is followed by, or interlarded with, examples in parallel columns—the true vs. the false, the right vs. the wrong, the timid vs. the bold, the ragged vs. the trim. From every line there peers out at me the puckish face of my professor, his short hair parted neatly in the middle and combed down over his forehead, his eyes blinking incessantly behind steel-rimmed spectacles as though he had just emerged into strong light, his lips nibbling each other like nervous horses, his smile shuttling to and fro in a carefully edged mustache.

"Omit needless words!" cries the author on page 21, and into that imperative Will Strunk really put his heart and soul. In the days when I was sitting in his class, he omitted so many needless words, and omitted them so forcibly and with such eagerness and obvious relish, that he often seemed in the position of having short-changed himself, a man left with nothing more to say yet with time to fill, a radio prophet who had outdistanced the clock. Will Strunk got out of this predicament by a simple trick: he uttered every sentence three times. When he delivered his oration on brevity to the class, he leaned forward over his desk, grasped his coat lapels in his hands, and in a husky, conspiratorial voice said, "Rule Thirteen. Omit needless words! Omit needless words! Omit needless words!"

He was a memorable man, friendly and funny. Under the remembered sting of his kindly lash, I have been trying to omit needless words since 1919, and although there are still many words that cry for omission and the huge task will never be accomplished, it is exciting to me to reread the masterly Strunkian elaboration of this noble theme. It goes:

> Vigorous writing is concise. A sentence should contain no unnecessary words, a paragraph no unnecessary sentences, for

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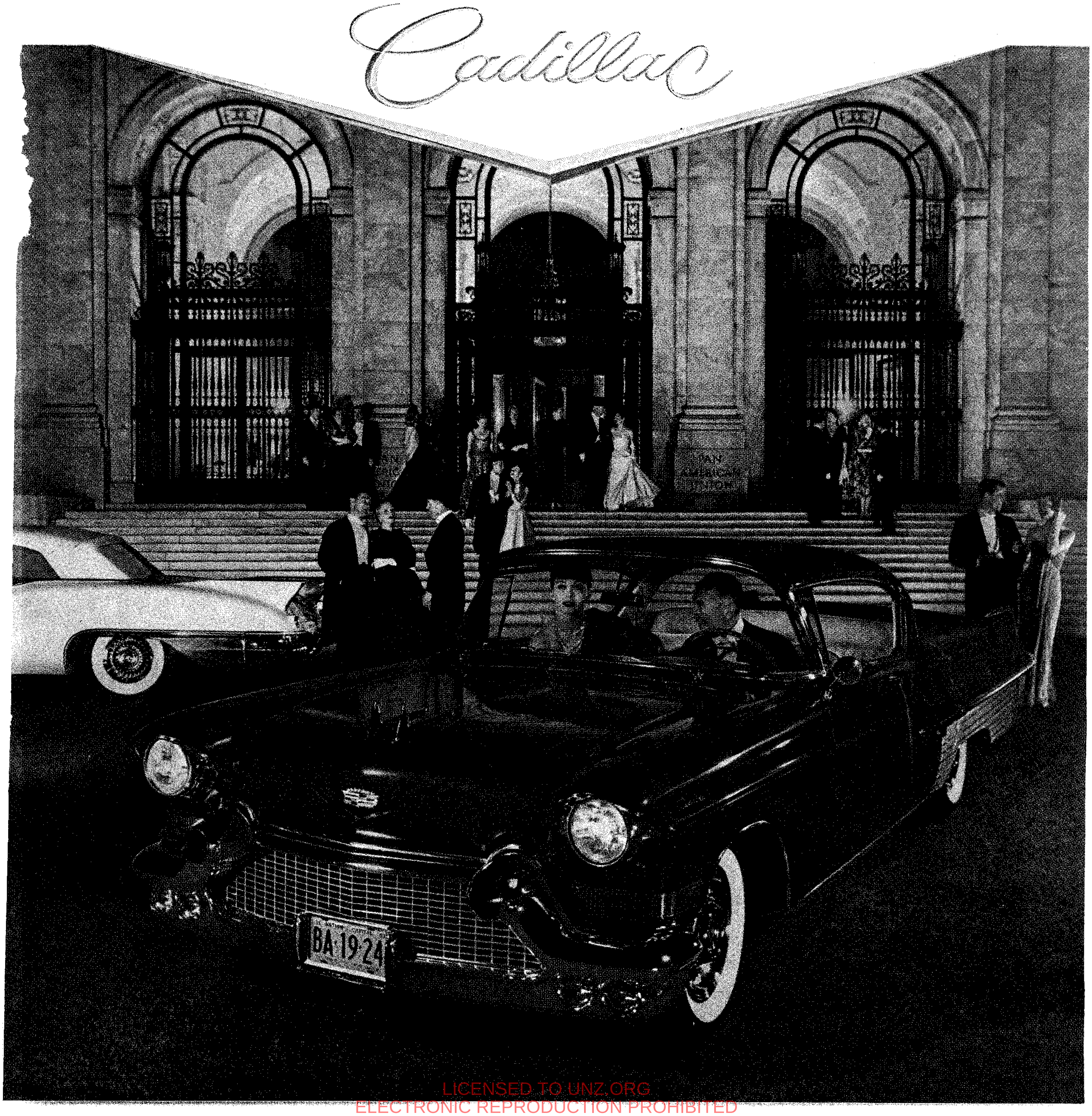

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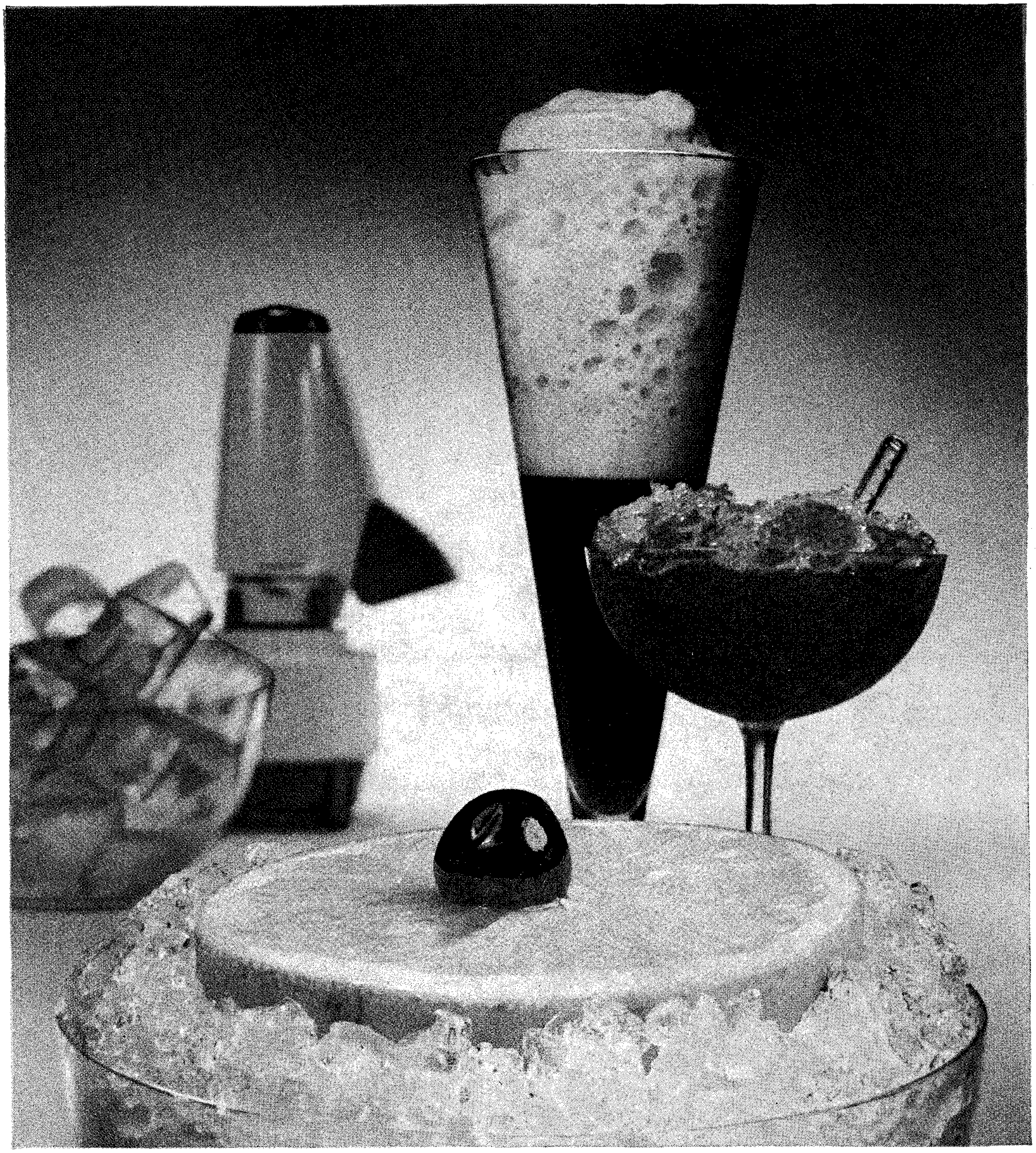

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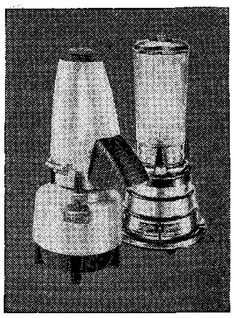

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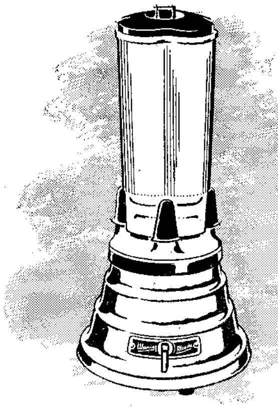

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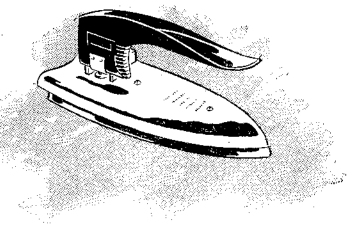

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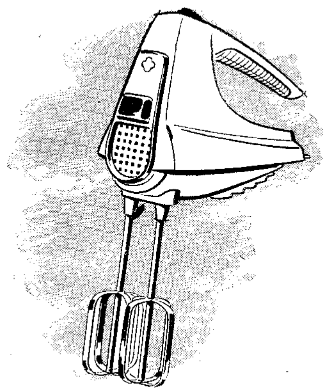


Done . . . with a spin of the Waring Mixor

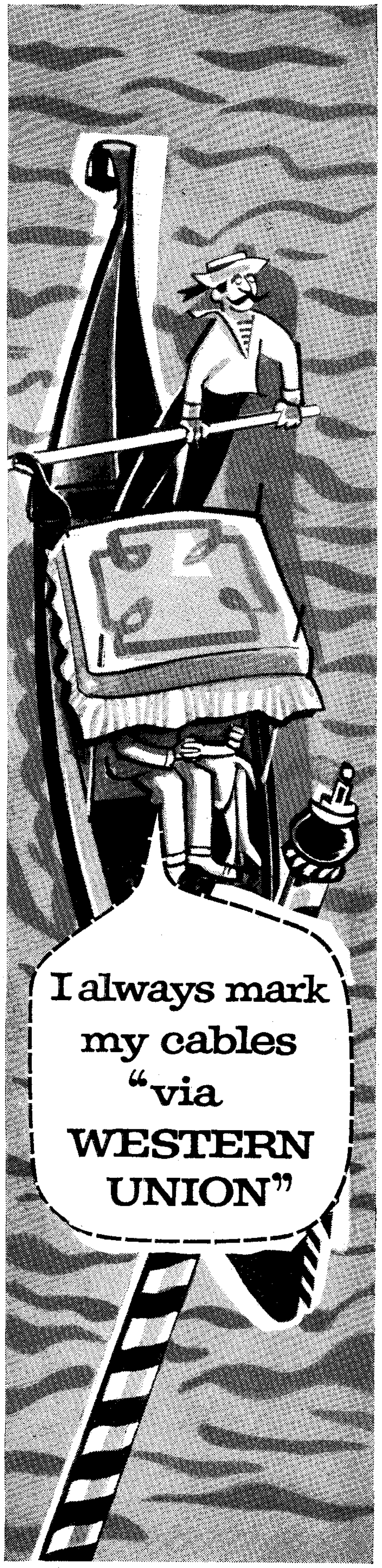
Recipes galore! And to make them with ease, here is the gracefully arcing handle that eliminates wrist fatigue. Here is the three-speed switch you've been looking for, right on top within reach of either hand. Here is joy in the kitchen: a beautiful Waring Mixor to do the work. Make a note now, see the Mixor of mixers—Waring!

the same reason that a drawing should have no unnecessary lines and a machine no unnecessary parts. This requires not that the writer make all his sentences short, or that he avoid all detail and treat his subjects only in outline, but that every word tell.

There you have a short, valuable essay on the nature and beauty of brevity—sixty-three words that could change the world. Having recovered from his adventure in prolixity (sixty-three words were a lot of words in the tight world of William Strunk, Jr.), the Professor proceeds to give a few quick lessons in pruning. The student learns to cut the deadwood from "This is a subject which . . . ," reducing it to "This subject . . . ," a gain of three words. He learns to trim ". . . used for fuel purposes" down to "used for fuel." He learns that he is being a chatterbox when he says "The question as to whether" and that he should just say "Whether"—a gain of four words out of a possible five.

The Professor devotes a special paragraph to the vile expression "the fact that," a phrase that causes him to quiver with revulsion. The expression, he says, should be "revised out of every sentence in which it occurs." But a shadow of gloom seems to hang over the page, and you feel that he knows how hopeless his cause is. I suppose I have written "the fact that" a thousand times in the heat of composition, revised it out maybe five hundred times in the cool aftermath. To be batting only .500 this late in the season, to fail half the time to connect with this fat pitch, saddens me, for it seems a betrayal of the man who showed me how to swing at it and made the swinging seem worth while.

I treasure "The Elements of Style" for its sharp advice, but I treasure it even more for the audacity and self-confidence of its author. Will knew where he stood. He was so sure of where he stood, and made his position so clear and so plausible, that his peculiar stance has continued to invigorate me—and, I am sure, thousands of other ex-students—during the years that have intervened since our first encounter. He had a number of likes and dislikes that were almost as whimsical as the choice of a necktie, yet he made them seem utterly convincing. He disliked the word "forceful" and advised us to use "forcible" instead. He felt that the word "clever" was greatly overused; "it is best restricted to ingenuity displayed in small matters." He despised the expression "student body," which he termed gruesome, and made a special trip downtown to the *Alumni News* office one day to



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Local times quoted

protest the expression and suggest that "studentry" be substituted, a coinage of his own which he felt was similar to "citizenry." I am told that the *News* editor was so charmed by the visit, if not by the word, that he ordered the student body buried, never to rise again. "Studentry" has taken its place. It's not much of an improvement, but it does sound less cadaverous, and it made Will Strunk quite happy.

A few weeks ago I noticed a headline in the *Times* about Bonnie Prince Charlie: "CHARLES' TONSILS OUT." Immediately Rule 1 leapt to mind.

> 1. Form the possessive singular of nouns with 's. Follow this rule whatever the final consonant. Thus write,
>
> Charles's friend
> Burns's poems
> the witch's malice

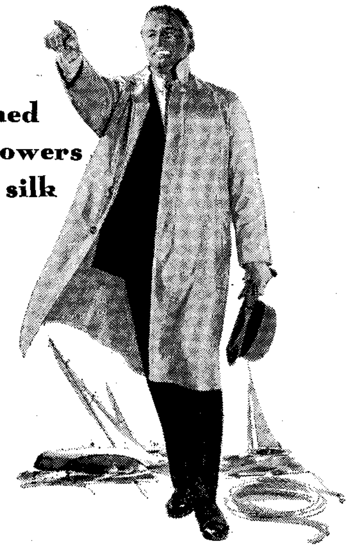
Clearly Will Strunk had foreseen, as far back as 1918, the dangerous tonsillectomy of a Prince, in which the surgeon removes the tonsils and the *Times* copy desk removes the final "s." He started his book with it. I commend Rule 1 to the *Times* and I trust that Charles's throat, not Charles' throat, is mended.

Style rules of this sort are, of course, somewhat a matter of individual preference, and even the established rules of grammar are open to challenge. Professor Strunk, although one of the most inflexible and choosy of men, was quick to acknowledge the fallacy of inflexibility and the danger of doctrine.

"It is an old observation," he wrote, "that the best writers sometimes disregard the rules of rhetoric. When they do so, however, the reader will usually find in the sentence some compensating merit, attained at the cost of the violation. Unless he is certain of doing as well, he will probably do best to follow the rules."

It is encouraging to see how perfectly a book, even a dusty rulebook, perpetuates and extends the spirit of a man. Will Strunk loved the clear, the brief, the bold, and his book is clear, brief, bold. Boldness is perhaps its chief distinguishing mark. On page 24, explaining one of his parallels, he says, "The left-hand version gives the impression that the writer is undecided or timid; he seems unable or afraid to choose one form of expression and hold to it." And his Rule 12 is "Make definite assertions." That was Will all over. He scorned the vague, the tame, the colorless, the irresolute. He felt it was worse to be irresolute than to be wrong. I remember a day in class when he leaned far forward in his characteristic pose—the pose of a man about to im-

A&F



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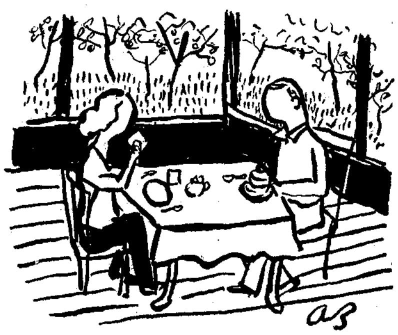
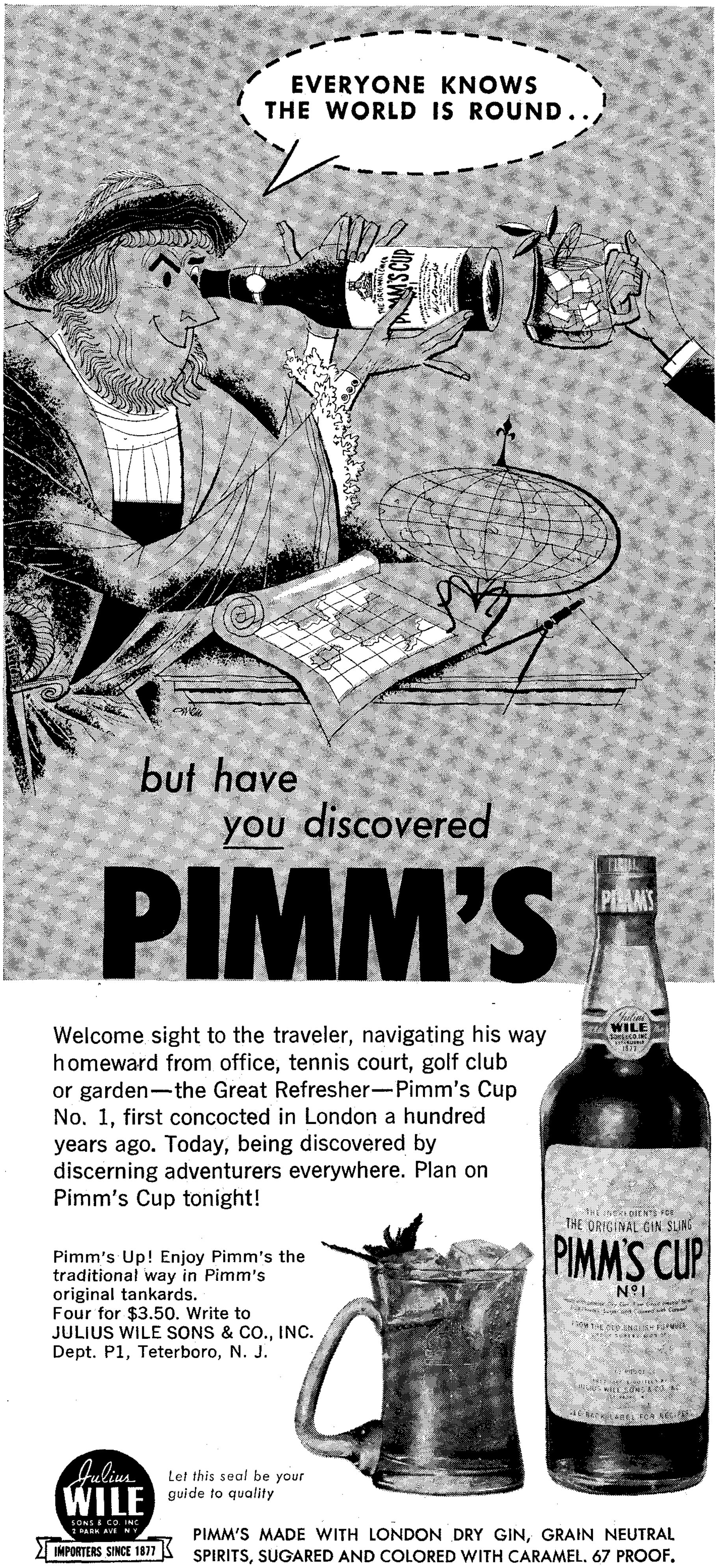
part a secret—and croaked, "If you don't know how to pronounce a word, say it loud! If you don't know how to pronounce a word, say it loud!" This comical piece of advice struck me as sound at the time, and I still respect it. Why compound ignorance with inaudibility? Why run and hide?

All through "The Elements of Style" one finds evidences of the author's deep sympathy for the reader. Will felt that the reader was in serious trouble most of the time, a man floundering in a swamp, and that it was the duty of anyone attempting to write English to drain this swamp quickly and get his man up on dry ground, or at least throw him a rope.

"The little book" has long since passed into disuse. Will died in 1946, and he had retired from teaching several years before that. Longer, lower textbooks are in use in English classes nowadays, I daresay—books with upswept tail fins and automatic verbs. I hope some of them manage to compress as much wisdom into as small a space, manage to come to the point as quickly and illuminate it as amusingly. I think, though, that if I suddenly found myself in the, to me, unthinkable position of facing a class in English usage and style, I would simply lean far out over the desk, clutch my lapels, blink my eyes, and say, "Get the *little* book! Get the *little* book! Get the *little* book!"

I SEE by the paper this morning that a steel drum containing radioactive sodium waste is floating at sea, about a hundred and eighty-five miles from here. It is described as "a menace to navigation," and I guess it is a menace, all right—at least, I wouldn't want to hit it while out sailing. The news story says the Atomic Energy Commission has "authorized" the dumping of radioactive sodium waste in the ocean. I sometimes wonder about these cool assumptions of authority in areas of sea and sky. The sea doesn't belong to the Atomic Energy Commission, it belongs to me. I am not ready to authorize dumping radioactive waste into it, and





Welcome sight to the traveler, navigating his way homeward from office, tennis court, golf club or garden—the Great Refresher—Pimm's Cup No. 1, first concocted in London a hundred years ago. Today, being discovered by discerning adventurers everywhere. Plan on Pimm's Cup tonight!

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I can't see a thing... but I know enough to listen to

WPAT!

"The Gaslight Station"

New York New Jersey

I suspect that a lot of other people to whom the sea belongs are not ready to authorize it, either. The only reason the Commission authorizes it is that the Commission is desperate; it doesn't really know how to get rid of atomic waste, and neither does anybody else.

A neighbor of mine in Maine, Dr. Clarence Little, who experiments with mice, told members of the Bangor Rotary Club the other day that because of fallout their children's children will be abnormal: they will have water on the brain, clubfeet, defective kidneys, defective eyes. I recall that when the A.E.C. was waiting, last May, for "suitable" weather for touching off the experimental blasts in Nevada, it left the decision about the date to an electric brain. Whether this brain had water on it I don't know. Another mechanical brain that I read about recently suddenly refused to think at all. Men stood by and fed it questions, but it seemed staggered by them and failed to come up with an answer, which did not surprise me. I am unable to understand how any man in a responsible position in any country of the world, when told that there is a wide difference of opinion as to the effects of radiation on people yet unborn, can choose the optimistic view and discard the pessimistic view, on the mere chance that the optimists are correct in their prophecies. Suppose they are wrong. Suppose the pessimists, or alarmists, are correct. What then will we have done in our arrogance?

These test explosions are for "security," but it would appear from some of the evidence at hand that we are now in the business of buying security for ourselves with the lives and bodies of unborn children, and if that should prove to be the case, then I think this is the ugliest bargain I ever heard of—uglier and more bestial than any other bargain ever made on earth, and I am ashamed to be a part of this race of shrewd traders and selfish security hunters. That our intentions are good is a poor excuse. We seem able to whip ourselves into a frenzy of solicitude for the life of a boy trapped in a well, at the same time gambling away the lives of thousands and perhaps millions of boys yet to be born, most of whom will never fall into a well, except the well we are digging for them in our ignorance, a well so deep and terrible that it staggers even a mechanical imagination.

Having split the atom, we assume that we must keep splitting it, contamination or no contamination, as though, having broken a horse, we assume we must ride. Atoms for war have the pre-

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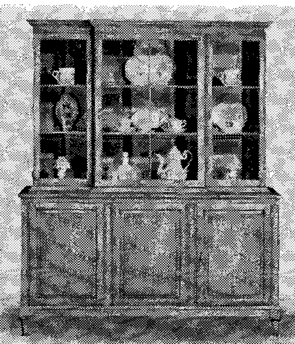

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text of security, atoms for peace the pretext of heat and power for future ages. The security is fast fading in a general uneasiness about the consequences. As for the heat and the power, what are we proposing to heat, and whom are we planning to endow with power? If some of the predictions come true, then we are in fact engaged in providing foot warmers for the clubfooted and power for those with water on the brain and defective vision. I do not know, and neither does anyone else, what sort of murder I am being made party to by these "authorizations." I just hope that my generation is not destined to become known as the "clever" generation—full of ingenuity displayed in small matters. I hope that in the giddiness of our triumph we have not already placed the atomic submarine ahead of the sea itself, the plane ahead of the sky.

—E. B. WHITE

•

At the wedding reception held at the Ritz the couple's young friends from Oxford wore irises as boutonnières and silken waistcoats. There was a witty and fantastic display of hats. Among the parents' friends were Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, Anne, Lady Cowdray, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thursby, Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal in a red rose Juliet cap and mink, and Mr. Patrick Leigh Fermor, who is finishing his book on Greece, Lady Sherborne, sister of Sir Philip, in green and a scarlet feather toque. Miss Judy Montagu and the Hon. Hamish St. Clair Erskine. Augustus John, O.M., had emerged from his seclusion, in tweeds and a scarf, of course. The promising young artists Mr. Campbell Methuen, son of Lord Campbell-Methuen the painter, and Miss Julie Guyatt were present, also the bride's sister Miss Serena Dunn and Mrs. Hugh Fraser, who, before her marriage, was Miss Antonia Pakenham. She wore two pale roses fastened to her right temple, with a veil smoothly drawn over her forehead. After a champagne buffet lunch the young people began to dance the Rock 'n' Roll. A pre-Victorian England had come to life—warm, splendid, generous and unconcerned.—*The Queen, London.*

And that's good enough for us.

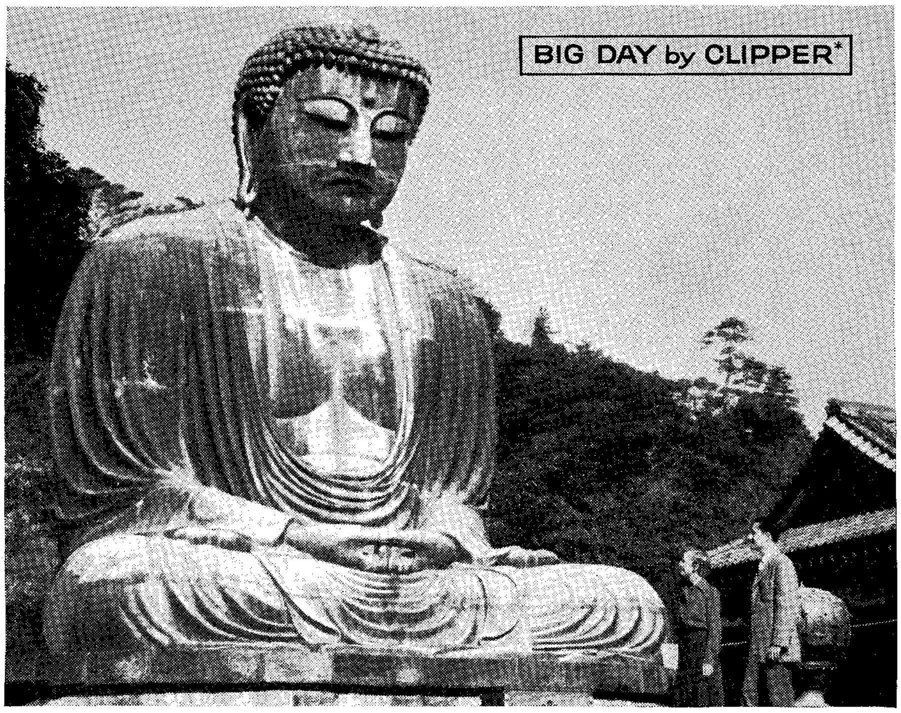
•

STATEMENTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT MADE VEHEMENTLY BY A NEWSBOY

[*Braven Dyer in the Los Angeles Times*]

Why does Walter O'Malley want to move the Brooklyn Dodgers from their long-time home to Los Angeles?

Lately I have been asked this question by many inquisitive citizens, including . . . a 6th and Spring newsboy who informed me most vehemently that "even dem Bums won't draw out here, even if Norrie Poulson dresses up Chavez Ravine like Walt Disney's eye-appealing Disneyland."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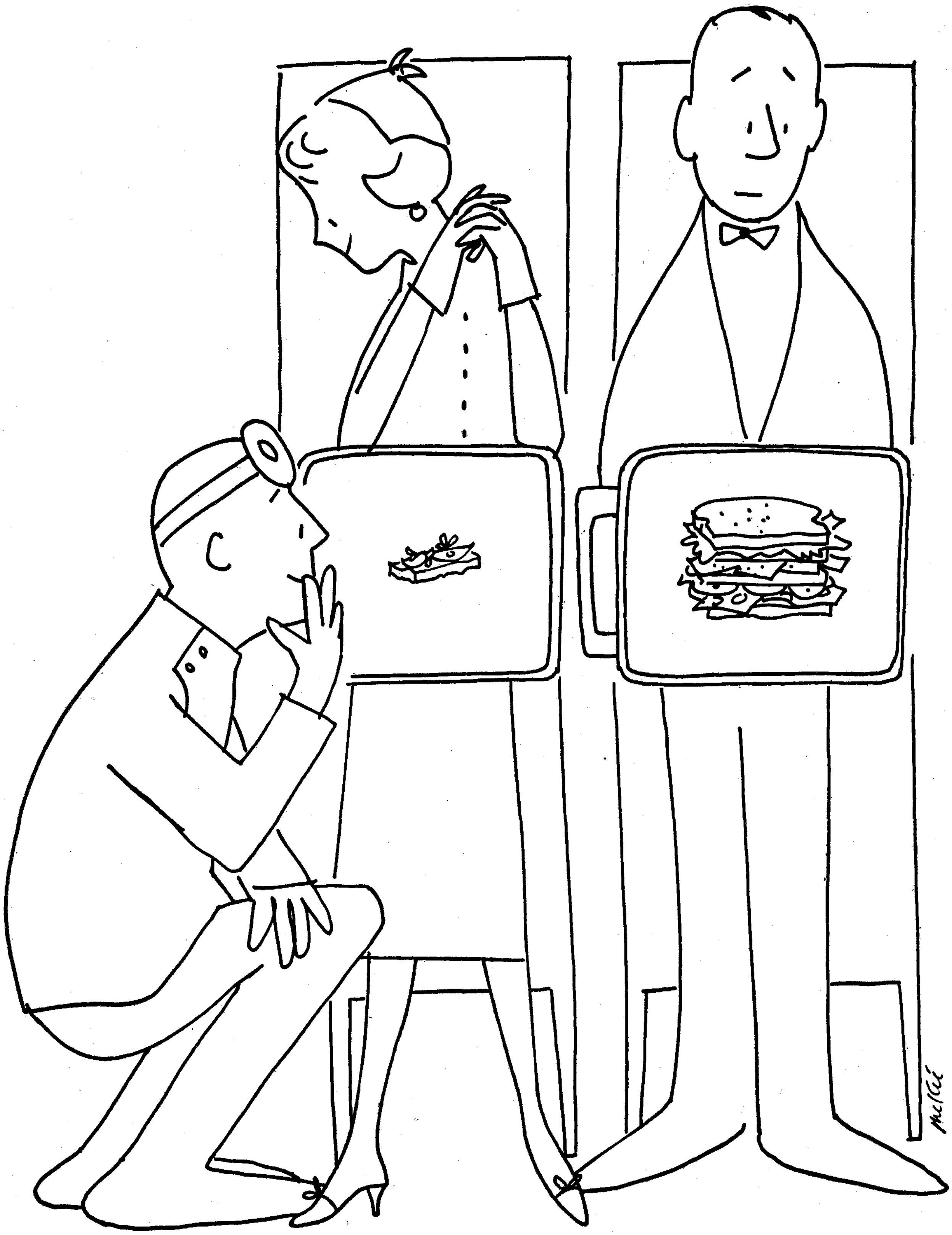
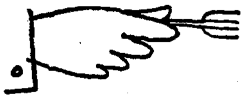
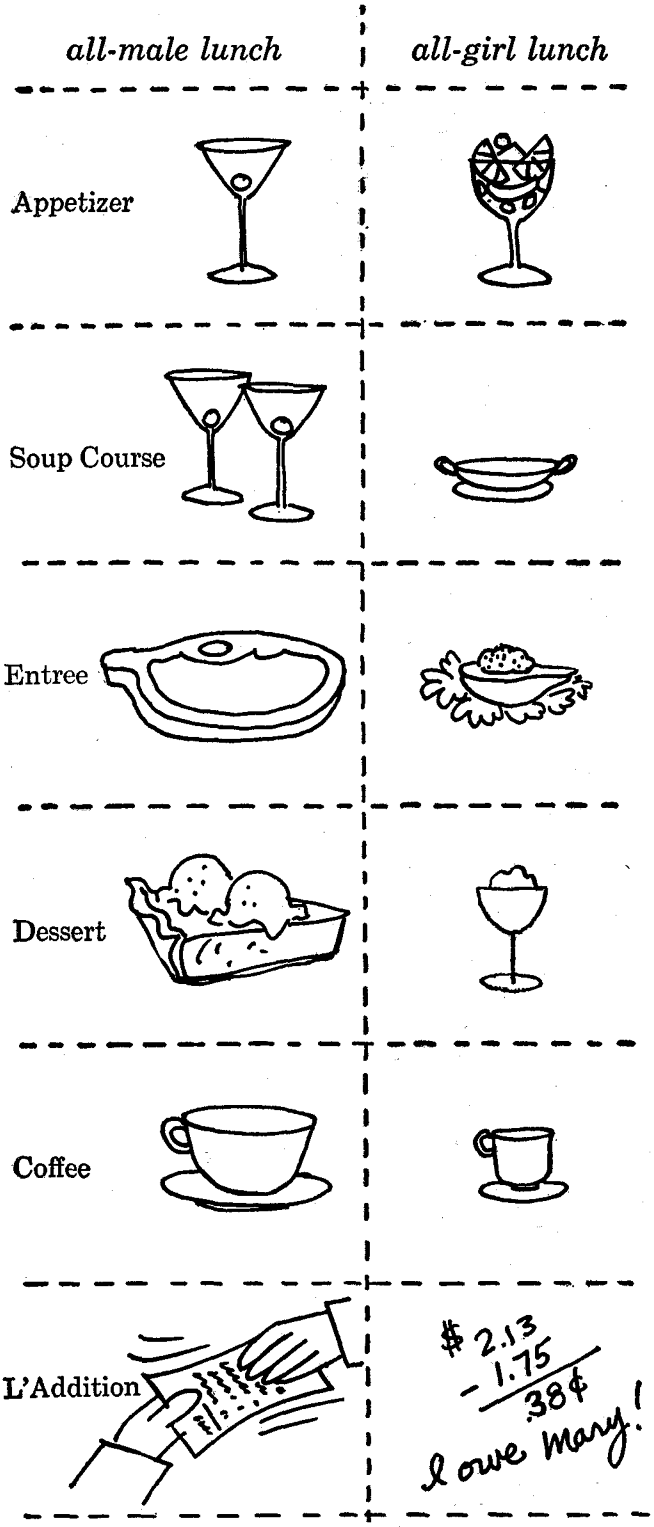
A man's guide to women, **No. 13**

How to tell the sexes by what they eat



You may have noticed that men and women *look* different. (Women are better-looking, you agree.) And if you are a true student of such things, you may have noticed they also talk differently, think differently and behave differently. And they also have different eating habits. A "*Schrafft's survey*" suggests you can quickly tell men from women by their lunches:





We think that characteristic differences like these—which extend into every realm of activity—account for the fact that Ladies' Home Journal is so successful. The Journal is edited entirely for women. It lives, breathes, thinks, talks, eats with women. Journal editing captures the whole, wide, wonderful world of women—and reflects this world interestingly, inspirationally and enjoyably.

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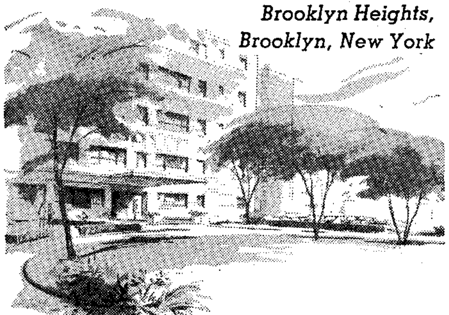

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THE RACE TRACK

Two for the Money

YOU can say what you like about Poly Hi—some old hands insist that she isn't quite a topnotcher—but there's no denying that she gives you a lot of run for your money. In the half-century-old Astoria Stakes, which was run off at Belmont Park on Wednesday of last week, she led five other two-year-old fillies all the way, and won with a bit to spare from Pocahontas. Sweet Mandy was third. It was Poly Hi's eighth victory, and her share of the purse brought her earnings to $85,820—not a bad bargain for Mrs. George Zauderer, who bought her at the Saratoga yearling sales last August for $5,500. Originally, one of the conditions of the Astoria was that the winning owner give a dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria (the old one, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, of course) for the other owners and the racing officials. It is said that the blowout given by Jack Follansbee after his Astarita won the first Astoria lasted nearly a week and that the bar bill ate up the whole purse. Those were the days.

A RACE I'd like to have seen last week was the Equipoise Mile at Arlington Park, which Swoon's Son won from some of the faster runners in the Middle West. Call Me Lucky was second and Fabius was third. It must have been delightful to watch, and it had a most satisfactory result, proving, as it did, what a good colt Swoon's Son is. Frankly, I have been a pushover for him ever since I saw him win at Washington Park as a two-year-old, in 1955. If you care for statistics, he has won twenty-two of his thirty-one starts, and has been unplaced only once. Most of his successes have been at Arlington and Washington Park, and I'd say that the Equipoise Mile was one of his best. He carried a hundred and thirty-two pounds, giving as much as twenty-seven pounds to his opposition (Call Me Lucky got twenty-four), and won by lengths in 1:35⅘. That is burning gas. It was the first time the race has been won under such high weight. (Armed tried it and finished third. So did Coaltown, and finished second.) Bardstown, the winner last

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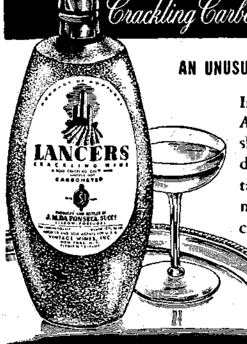

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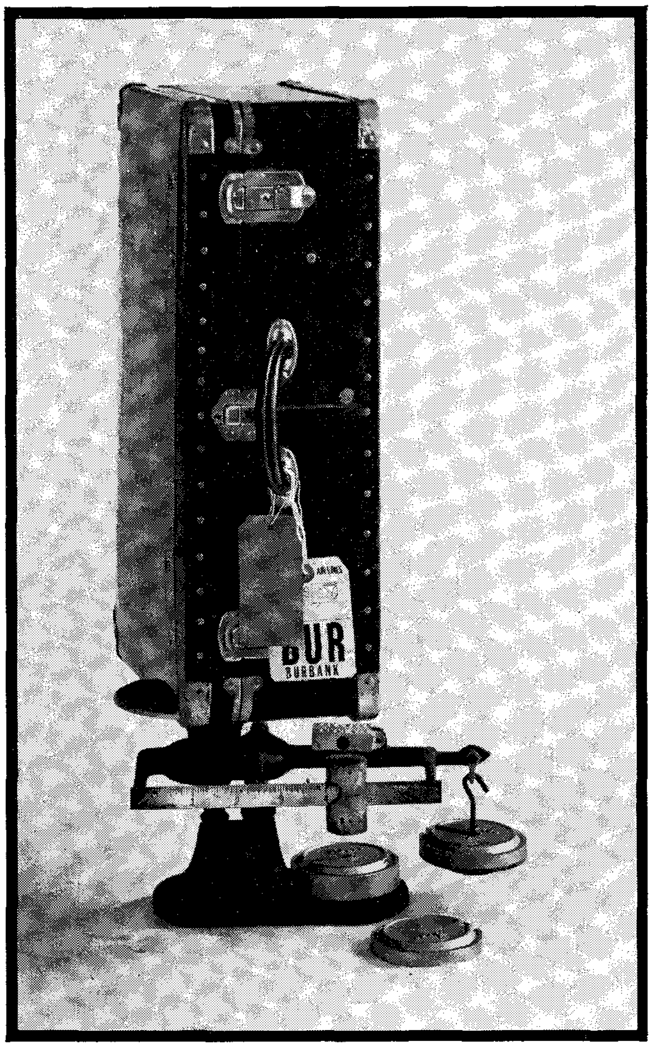
The Case of the 9-Pound Suitcase



The Schoolteacher was a convict.

The hard fact was still unbelievable to the bewildered, quiet young man. Just a few weeks before he had been a respected citizen of a small, pleasant California town, a teacher of children. To break the quietness of this placid, routine life, he had decided to fly to Las Vegas for a weekend. On his arrival he was arrested—an envelope of marijuana had been found in his luggage. Where the envelope had come from he didn't know. But he couldn't prove that. The State of Nevada, with a pat circumstantial case, had convicted him and sent him "for a period of two to 10 years" to the State Penitentiary.

One other man refused to believe the circumstantial evidence. The Schoolteacher's uncle was convinced that his nephew was innocent. So the San Francisco importer closed his office and started a grim and determined search for help. Finally he found two men who were willing to re-examine the facts of the case. One was Colonel George White of the Federal Narcotics Bureau, the other was Mr. Jake Ehrlich, a prominent trial attorney.

Colonel White investigated. These were the facts:

The Schoolteacher had picked up his ticket at the San Francisco Airport. By mistake, he checked his suitcase to Las Vegas on the wrong airline. By the time he had straightened out the mixup, the bag was enroute to Las Vegas via Los Angeles. The clerk assured him that his suitcase would be in Las Vegas when he arrived. The Schoolteacher went on to Las Vegas. His bag was not there.

Thoroughly irritated at the way his holiday was starting, the young man telephoned both Los Angeles and Burbank airports. At last his bag was found in Burbank. But the airport employee who found the bag thought it was suspiciously light. He called the airport police, who opened the suitcase to see if it had been rifled. They found a few pieces of clothing and an envelope containing an ounce and a half of marijuana.

The Burbank Police were called. They replaced the narcotic, closed the bag and shipped it on to Las Vegas, telephoning the story to the Las Vegas Sheriff's Office. When the Schoolteacher finally claimed his long-lost luggage, he was arrested, charged, and speedily convicted of illegal possession of narcotics.

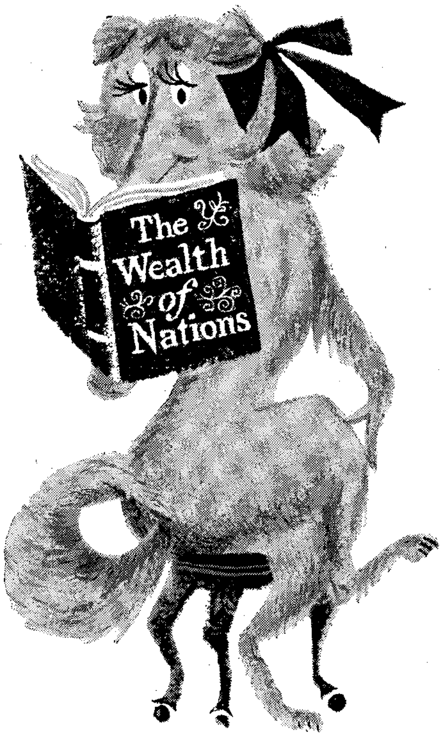
The case of The People vs. The Schoolteacher might well have ended there. But it didn't because Colonel White's investigation discovered a new fact. The manifest of the flight that carried the bag from San Francisco to Burbank showed its weight to be twenty pounds. The Las Vegas Sheriff's Office weighed it in at nine pounds. Somewhere between San Francisco and Las Vegas—during which time it would have been physically impossible for the Schoolteacher to have access to it – the bag lost eleven pounds. Obviously, the Schoolteacher had not been the last person to open the suitcase. Obviously, the real criminal had not been caught.

Armed with Colonel White's report, Attorney Ehrlich, working without compensation, made his plea before the Nevada State Board of Pardons and Paroles. Sixty-nine days after he entered prison the Schoolteacher was a free man. Today he is teaching children that American Justice is quite as determined to protect the innocent as it is to convict the guilty.

People who care about justice and who do something about it—people like Colonel White and Attorney Ehrlich—exemplify the finest traditions of America, those principles which are as alive in Twentieth Century America as they were in the days of our Founding Fathers.

The American Tradition Project of the Fund for the Republic has compiled hundreds of true stories of contemporary Americans whose actions have advanced the cause of freedom and justice. Some of these stories have been published in a booklet, *The American Tradition in 1957*. Free copies are available. Write to the American Traditions Project, Box 48462-BN, Los Angeles 48, California.

(*Advertisement*)



Laissez Faire,
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Once upon a time, a collie named Laissez founded a system for appropriating liquor. She'd decork new bottles and cleverly replace the seal. But one day her master switched to Bellows Partners Choice which is protected by an Alcoa® Pilferproof seal. "This one I must leave alone," theorized Laissez and, feeling depression imminent, she swallowed three maxims of Adam Smith.

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year, didn't start. Ankle trouble is plaguing him.

So many three-year-olds were entered for the Lamplighter Handicap at Monmouth the other afternoon that it had to be run off in two sections; Stratmat won the first and Pro-Brandy the second. Pro-Brandy was ridden by Howard Grant, an eighteen-year-old who at the moment is the idol of the Jersey racegoers. He had only two winners that day; the day before, however, he had had five. Oh, well, it's chicken one day, feathers the next. On the whole, young Grant has done remarkably well at Monmouth, riding forty-nine winners during the first thirty-two days. He came into racing about two years ago at River Downs, a track near his home in Cincinnati, and got a job walking hots (walking horses around and around to cool them out after a race or a workout), at fifty cents a hot. Later that summer, George Stribling, a trainer on the Ohio circuit, hired him as an exercise boy. The story goes that Grant learned to handle his mounts by exercising a selling plater named Fancy Dreams, who had a trick of wheeling and tossing her riders out of the saddle. When Fancy Dreams was no longer able to throw Grant, he was ready for the races. He rode his first one at Wheeling last September, and his first winner at Cranwood Park, near Cleveland, a month later. Last winter, he was the leading rider at Charles Town and also did fine at Bowie. Horses run well for Grant, and trainers like him, too, because he admits his mistakes and tries to correct them. As a rule, popular young riders aren't like that. At present, Grant's passions are horses, hamburgers, Coke, and rock 'n' roll, in the order named.

Bids on the construction of the new track for Aqueduct were closed last week, and there were some changes in the board of trustees of the Greater New York Association, which runs the show. Most noteworthy, Marshall Cassidy, the Association's secretary-general since its incorporation, was made a vice-president and the director of racing. Now, perhaps, we'll get something done. —Audax Minor

•

FLOOK'S TOUR

[*From the Baltimore News*]

Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Flook of Farquhar Estates recently spent three days in the Northern Neck section of Virginia, visits to Fredericksburg and Weems, Va., where they saw the interior of a crab packing house.

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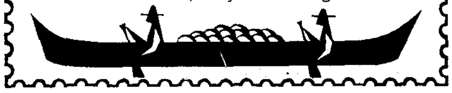

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Maybe you already know about Savings Bonds—as one of the 40 million Americans who own them today, or as one of the other millions who have used Bond savings to help pay for new homes, cars, or college educations, or to make retirement financially easier. If so, this is familiar territory to you—you *know* there's no better way to save.

But if you're new to the game, find out about Savings Bonds and what they can do for your future. Ask your banker, or check with your employer about the automatic Payroll Savings Plan that makes saving painless and easy.

PART OF EVERY AMERICAN'S SAVINGS

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE name of Scalamandré has become so piously associated with historic restorations and Early American shrines that our schoolchildren may well come away from their cultural pilgrimages to Mount Vernon, Williamsburg, Monticello, the Schuyler Mansion, and other historic points with the idea that somebody in the firm wrote the Declaration of Independence or fought the Battle of Bunker Hill. If so reverent an attitude has been induced over the years by Scalamandré's documentary damasks and silks, I hesitate to think what impressionable people will make of the company's latest departure—a new group of wallpapers impeccably reproduced from eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century patterns.

Many of these papers are of a splendor that would go very nicely on the walls of the throne room of Buckingham Palace, but there are also quite a few that are disarmingly simple. Among the latter are a prim little pattern in brown and white, copied from a fabric Jefferson brought from France, that would be demure enough for the sitting room of an Early American farmhouse—or, at least, a twentieth-century version thereof; some Colonial designs, done in tone-on-tone damask, that would be extremely easy to live with, despite a certain elegance; and several lovely reproductions of *toiles de Jouy*, whose simplicity is none the less appealing for being so artfully studied.

It's with the grander papers, though, that the Scalamandré heart obviously belongs, and small wonder, since some of them are downright magnificent. There are, for instance, a perfect Adam design done in a ravishing cerulean blue and picked out with a classic motif in white; a dazzling Empire arrangement composed of stately vertical rows of feathery wreaths; marvellously wrought examples of flock on paper or silk; and some simulated brocades that look for all the world like silk damask. The papers are all hand-screened, and come in a great variety of colors, at prices that run from $8.25 to $22 a single roll, through decorators. I saw the papers at the Scalamandré showrooms at 63 East 52nd Street, and almost any day now they can be seen at another Scalamandré showroom, at 15 East 57th Street, which has heretofore been devoted to fabrics.

ALTHOUGH I have sincere admiration for the work of the Williamsburg restoration, I sometimes find myself just a wee bit replete with all its authoritative documentation. I suppose that explains both why I took for granted the authentic good looks of Katzenbach & Warren's latest reproductions of Williamsburg wallpapers and why I was so pleasantly surprised by their patent freshness and charm. The new collection, which is the first K. & W. has devoted to Williamsburg in three years, includes eight designs, copied from old dispatch-box linings, commemorative papers, and the like, that not only show a fine selective taste but are reproduced with remarkable technical excellence. These are machine-printed papers, priced at from $3.30 to $3.90 a single roll, and yet the effect is comparable to that of fine—and much more expensive—hand-screening. The patterns are quite varied, including an unusual geometric one; a small, very beautiful Chinese design; a chaste allover pattern of singularly informal-looking crowns, commemorating the coronation of William III; an earlier and much more elaborate paper depicting scenes in the life of Charles II; a forthright striped paper, copied from an old hand-woven blanket; an intricate combination of feathers and flowers; and so on—all in a wide selection of delightful colors.

In a showing of thirteen handsome new handmade wallpapers, which for reasons obscure to me is called the American Court Collection, Katzenbach & Warren has splurged a long way from the antiquarian appeal of Williamsburg. The well-known designer Marion V. Dorn contributed six of the papers, the most dramatic of which (it is also the most romantic) is a graceful study of bamboo, with leaves and slender branches seeming almost to flutter in a soft breeze. Like all the designs in the collection, it comes in numerous color combinations and can be ordered in any you want. I found it particularly good with chalk-white foliage on a ground of lampblack. Another unusually effective paper (this one by the

Setting: Paris Gown: Grès Photograph: Avedon

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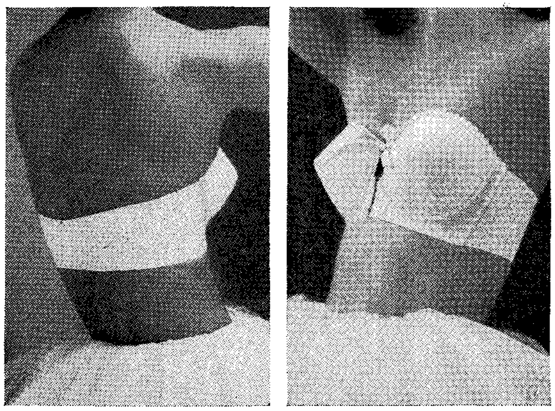

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THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE
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California designer Justema) is a plain green lattice pattern that is combined with a paper evoking the architectural variations of an old-fashioned summerhouse. These two can be used together in an endless variety of ways. The designers of other papers in the collection have drawn inspiration from such sources as a Renaissance church door in Florence, a piece of rich eighteenth-century Venetian fabric, and a gateway of Italian ironwork. Most of the thirteen patterns have a degree of dignity, and all reflect a pleasing imagination. The prices are from $7.50 to $12 a single roll, and the papers are available, through decorators, at 575 Madison Avenue (57th), or, to retail customers, at W. & J. Sloane, Lord & Taylor, and Bloomingdale.

UNHACKNEYED charm—a quality as rarely met with in the realm of applied design as it is in other forms of human endeavor—characterizes the newest handmade wallpapers turned out by Woodson, a firm that was established almost two years ago at 26 East 55th Street and has been functioning ever since with a lightness that stops decorously this side of frivolity. The designs on exhibition are mostly of flowers of one kind or another, but none of them suggest in any way the usual wallpaper floral. For instance, a pattern called Meissen brings to mind the scattered arrangement of small flowers on the German porcelain; a second design is strewn with fat Hawaiian leis of blue carnations; in a third, the heads of white daisies with green centers make a striking pattern on a polished-black ground; in a fourth, lightly brushed-in white flowers, which a salesman identified for me as wild roses, stand out starkly on a brilliant-orange background; in a fifth, a tangle of pale-green and honey-colored maidenhair fern makes another lovely pattern; and in a sixth, which is perhaps the most engaging of the lot, highly stylized flowers in varying intense shades of blue are intertwined among vertical wavy lines of vivid green, the whole suggesting Matisse in his latter days. Most of the patterns are printed on a polished ground, a technique that lends an effect of depth to the design, and all are available in a number of color combinations—not just the ones I have mentioned. Prices run from $8 to $10.50 a single roll, through decorators.

FROM time to time, returned travellers who are interested in matters of applied art bend my ear with reports

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of the superiority of California design to our local output, and in such conversations the name of Kneedler-Fauchère, a San Francisco enterprise that serves as an outlet for imported and domestic decorative art, frequently crops up to prove a point. Well, a collection of Oriental wallpapers from Kneedler-Fauchère is now a permanent fixture in the penthouse showrooms of Karl Mann Associates, 16 East 55th Street, and I must say it bolsters up the West Coast side of the argument considerably. Although the collection is labelled Oriental and has a distinctly Eastern flavor, the papers were actually designed by an American, Harry Lawenda, and only made in Japan—by hand, of course. The result, whatever you want to name it, is a spectacular achievement in modern decoration. Probably the most arresting of the group is a series in which coarse, natural-colored raffia or rush grasses are superimposed on solid-colored papers in exquisite shades, giving an effect that is at once brilliant and subtle. These cost $12.75 a single roll.

I despair of giving you any recognizable description of another group of designs by Mr. Lawenda, which he calls "Kin Gin." They are made of two thicknesses of paper (one thickness is rice paper and the other is a soft backing), between which some kind of gold foil appears to have burst in a series of flowerlike explosions that follow no particular pattern. I have no idea how this is accomplished, but I hope I have conveyed some impression of its extravagant beauty. Single rolls range in price from $5 to $12.

Beautiful in a very different way are Kneedler-Fauchère's silk wall coverings, which come in some three dozen different colors (all at $9.50 a single roll), and in which entrancing Japanese silks—deep slate blue, lemon yellow, a radiant orange-gold, and the palest pink, among others—are backed with paper for hanging. Variations of the silk wall coverings are flocked patterns done in broad self stripes that look like some regal velvet brocade. These are $18 a

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single roll. The last entry in the Knoedler-Fauchère exhibit—as different as possible from the sumptuous Oriental wall coverings—consists of two papers, made in Portugal, that simulate Moorish and Spanish tiles with extraordinary fidelity. One is the classic design so ubiquitous in North Africa and Andalusia, done in brilliant blue and white with touches of yellow, and the other, in the same coloring, is of a later and more rococo period of decoration. Both are reproduced on heavy, thickly glazed paper, and have a depth and lustre that startlingly resemble the original faïence tiles. A single roll twenty inches wide and eight yards long costs $5.25.

We now leave the rarefied atmosphere of decorative art to look into the very practical matter of a comfortable bed and how to procure the same, it being my conviction that a good bed, if it doesn't actually eliminate most of life's problems, at least makes them easier to bear. Let us, then, hie to the factory and showrooms of Hein & Kopins, manufacturers of custom bedding, at 332 East 75th Street, where negotiations for a good night's rest may be entered into. To begin with what may seem one of the more insignificant of the H. & K. services, we shall discuss the firm's expert renovating of all kinds of mattresses—those made at its own factory as well as the mattresses of other manufacturers. Hein & Kopins believes that any mattress that is slept on regularly by a normally heavy adult should have certain simple repairs made every five years at the outside. Since the ordinary householder doesn't keep to any such ideal schedule, however, the mattresses the firm is called upon to do over usually involve a fairly extensive amount of renovation, which, in addition to sterilization, may include picking over the hair or wool filling, tying inner springs with Italian twine, replacing ticking, and administering any number of other treatments calculated to improve the health and efficiency of a mattress. The firm specializes in mattresses for antique or odd-size beds, and will make them of any type and of any material the customer wants—covering horsehair with a layer of lamb's wool, or lamb's wool with a layer of horsehair, to suit the whim of the occupant of the bed. For people with weak backs, a plywood board is frequently built into the top of the box spring, covered with a thin layer of lamb's wool, and then enclosed in the ticking. In fact, the methods the Messrs. H. & K. use in dealing with a mattress are as

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numerous and as varied as the crotchets of their customers, so there is not much point in my enumerating them here. Everything is made to order, and negotiations must be carried on through a decorator.

THE news that Hein & Kopins will make mattresses and box springs for any kind of antique bed encouraged me recently to hunt for antique frames into which such mattresses could be fitted, and I am now in a position to report that beds seem to have withstood the ravages of time less successfully than most other pieces of ancient cabinetwork, or, at any rate, they are considerably scarcer in these parts than antique tables and chairs, or desks and bureaus. However, Elinor Merrell, 18 East 69th Street, has a number of antique beds—an English fourposter, several French pieces, and a couple of unusual Italian iron beds—all of the eighteenth or early nineteenth centuries; Ginsburg & Levy, 815 Madison Avenue (68th), has on hand four fourposters that are fine examples of English and Early American cabinetmaking; and Frederick Victoria, 154 East 55th Street, can show some eight or ten ancient pieces—English, French, Italian, and German.

If you don't hold out for authenticity, and just want a first-rate bed that will go with eighteenth-century furnishings, maybe you had better settle for one of the very skillful reproductions in which Smith & Watson, at 20 East 55th Street, specializes. All cabinetwork here is made to order, either from the customer's own drawings or from S. & W.'s designs, which are sometimes suggested by an Empire chair back, an Adam settee, or even by a bed. (Much of the firm's work is reproducing a single antique bed for owners who have one and want a pair, and in most cases you would be hard put to it to distinguish between the copy and the original.) Among the beds on view at S. & W. are a Sheraton reproduction in mahogany, with simulated bamboo fretwork in the headboard ($420); a copy of an Italian Palladian design, made of pearwood, with a remarkably graceful inset of rosewood ($360); and a fine Chippendale model in mahogany ($260). The prices refer to single beds and include only headboards; side rails and a footboard are $75 extra, and it costs anywhere from $60 to $215 more to make the bed double size.

—S. H.

• •

TANK TOWN

On the forgotten si-
ding, weeds grow, between
sway-backed boxcars, drop-
sical gondolas dripping
gray dust. Who needs
empty, red, slatted hop-
per cars used for shipping
exhausted ore? Bees
hum, and Ramón Gonzá-
lez thinks, sitting on
his wooden steps, in Mex-
ican. I can't call
to him be-

cause here comes the main line's living shriek
and clatter with a swaying swoosh, the sun flash-
ing from eighty windows; white, blind grub faces,
in hermetically sealed glass, click-clack past.

Fishing-pole grass
grows on the dead
spur track where Ra-
món's house is anchored
fast; rusty wheels spread
among the thistles sa-
bre sharp and stacks
of ties where crickets sing;
a grave of names on red
neglected cars on the si-
ding, ding, ding.

—JOHN ATHERTON

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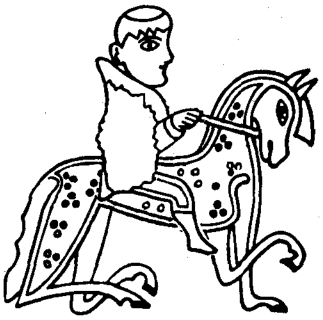

From the Book of Kells (Seventh Century)

BACK IN THE DAWN of history, King Conari of Ireland kept a royal stable of thoroughbred horses. Ancient records from the first century A.D. tell of his entries in the races held at the Curragh of Kildare. The royal sport is still dear to the hearts of Irishmen, and still the pounding of thoroughbred hooves thunders over this famous racecourse.

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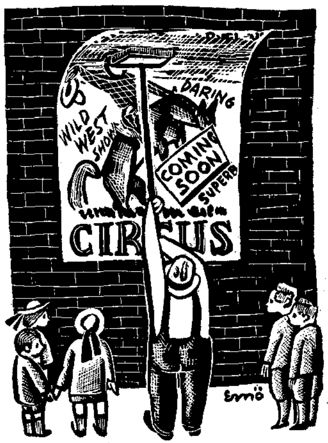
THE LORD DID THE REST

BEFORE I came for a stay of some length in the United States, I used to wonder why Americans were so good at games. In England, it had seemed that it might possibly have something to do with America's being a hard-currency area. Or did it come from drinking all that milk and orange juice? Now I have been here nearly a year, and I have discovered why Americans win games. It has nothing to do with orange juice (I drink it myself, and still puff climbing stairs) or dollars. The explanation is very simple: the victorious American athletes have God on their side. Superficially, this looks like a modern example of the adage that God is on the side of the big battalions. But the truth is subtler; God and the leading American athletes understand each other.

I first began to grasp this fact when I read a newspaper account of Tom Courtney's victory in the 800 metres at the Olympics. Derek Johnson, the English hope, had shot ahead of his competitors in the last stretch and apparently had won the race; the gold medal had been as good as in his pocket. But Courtney, who had already made his "final" spurt, made another and passed Johnson to win narrowly. In an interview after the race, Courtney said, "I ran out of steam thirty yards from the tape and the Lord really helped me the rest of the way." Against collusion of this sort, such British resources as grit, guts, and determination are clearly useless and outdated.



American athletes are thankful for the assistance they receive from God, and rightly so. Glenn Davis, who won the 400-metre hurdles at Melbourne, said, "When I crossed the line, I just looked up in the sky and said 'Thanks.' "

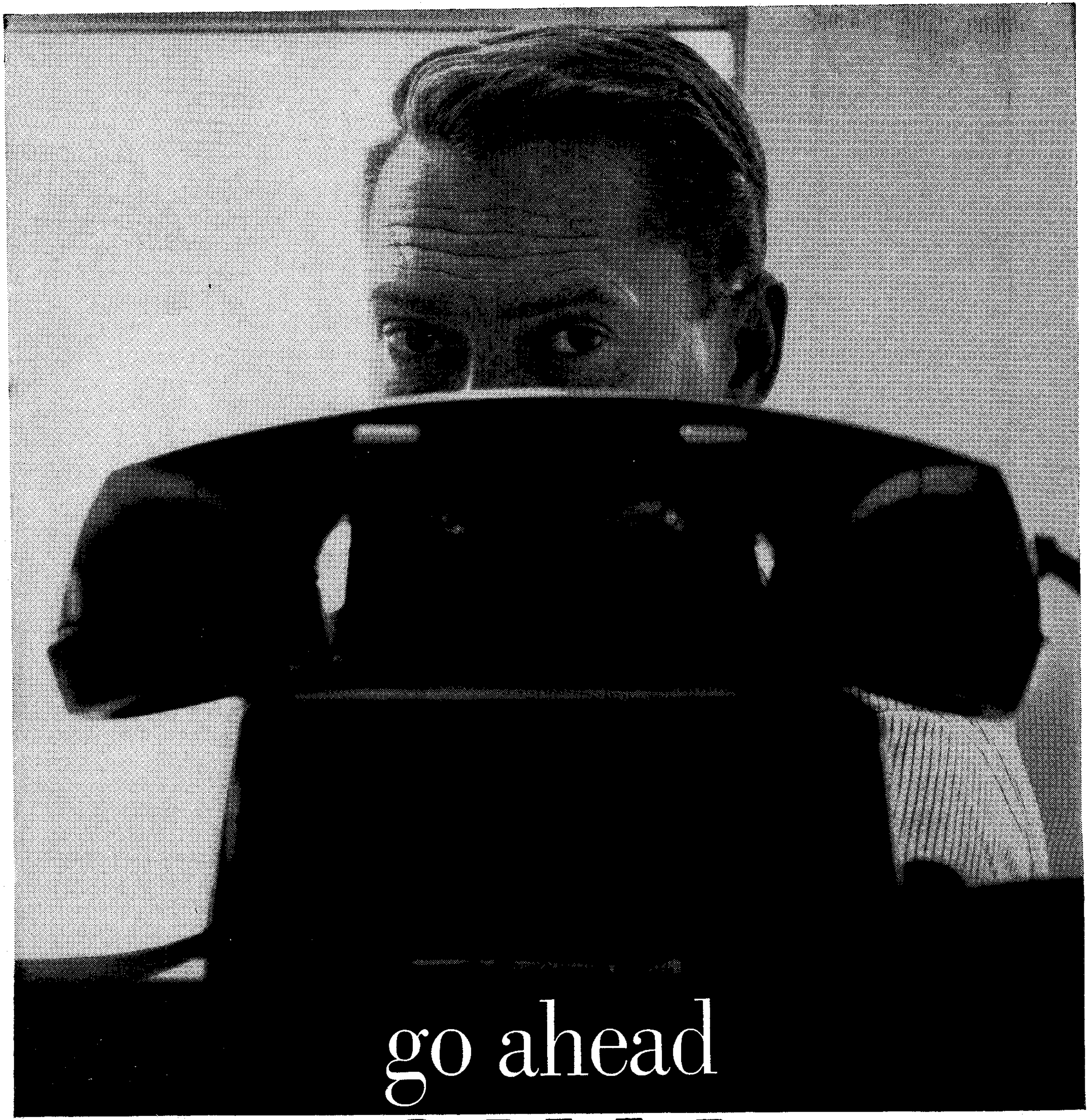
Most formidable in the U. S. squad was an actual minister of religion, whose victory could scarcely have been in doubt at any time. *Life* had a photograph of Rev. Bob Richards, the pole vaulter, in prayer after having made a leap. The caption is eloquent: "Pole vaulter Bob Richards waits prayerfully as bar he has just cleared quivers. It stayed up at Olympic record height of 14 feet 11½ inches." Naturally.

One might suppose that American athletes have an entente with God before the games and that His actual assistance is given only at crucial moments. But no—He had a hand in selecting the Olympic squad. "I believe in the Lord very much," said Milt Campbell, an American decathlon competitor, who, at the trials, was beaten for the third hurdles position. "In my mind came the thought that the Lord didn't want me to be a hurdler. He wanted me to be in the decathlon, and so I went to the decathlon trials." It is almost superfluous to add that Campbell won the gold medal in the decathlon, setting an Olympic record.

So far, the American athletes' alliance with God seems largely unchallenged, although I did read of an Australian girl high jumper who may have been trying to cut in. She read the Bible between jumps. But she did not win an Olympic gold medal; clearly other nations have a long way to go. Yet some Americans are evidently worried that there may be a threat to their monopoly. A New York journalist was sent to Melbourne just to find out the incidence of Christianity among the competitors.

THE intervention of God is not restricted to track meets. I have not heard Him directly invoked in baseball, but I was very impressed, when watching a ball game on television, to see occasionally substituted for the usual beer commercial an appeal to go to church. I thought at first that this juxtaposition of baseball and religion was incongruous, but on mature reflection I realize that my first thought was naïve. In fact, God even gets into the television big-money games. On one quiz program, a competitor said she had asked friends to pray for her rival as well as for her, since no one knew whom God would will to win. Her theology was a little more complex than that of the athletes.

I have wondered why God is not interested in gymnastics and Greco-Roman wrestling, where the Russians carried off so many Olympic prizes and the Americans were undistinguished. Perhaps He will get around to these sports by 1960. But recently He has been preoccupied with boxing. Floyd



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"ELECTRIFYING THE TOWN!"—Atkinson, N. Y. Times

Ethel Merman
in
Happy Hunting
Fernando Lamas

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VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
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Patterson, who a few months ago won the heavyweight boxing championship, is excellent testimony to God's present concern. Patterson is on very intimate terms with—in his phrase—"the Fellow upstairs." Their combination was ruthless and irresistible. Victory was inevitable. "The Lord was in my corner—I just couldn't miss," Patterson said afterward. "He's the one who put the heavyweight crown on my head—sure couldn't have done it without Him. From the moment I stepped in the ring I just knew I was destined to have my hand raised from above." One cannot but feel sorry for Archie Moore, the underequipped opponent facing certain defeat. "The target was in sight and I just let fly with a short left," Patterson went on. "I could see his eyes go glassy as he fell back, and I knew that if he got up it wouldn't do him any good. I just hit him again, and the Lord did the rest."

Amen. —JOHN DAY

•

This letter is to inquire and verify receipt of my entry in the PHOTOPLAY Cut-Out Picture Puzzle Contest. I would very much like to know if my entry was received by you as it took me several weeks to prepare it each evening after work, when my children had retired.

(MRS.) GLORIA WONG FENNESSY
New York, New York

Many, many letters like the above were received, and we should like to thank all our readers for the enthusiasm with which they entered this contest. Inasmuch as we received over 25,000 entries, we are sorry that it was impossible to acknowledge each one individually.

After our December issue came out the entries started coming in, and our offices were filled with the most fantastic works of art. Just before Christmas many little trees were delivered, with the finished pictures hung on the branches, and we placed each of these where they could be seen to best advantage.

A treasure chest of the stars' pictures was one of the most beautiful entries. This was hand-made, put together with spaghetti as part of the frame, split peas used as nail-heads—all painted in gold and white—and each star's picture was framed in the same way. We were heartbroken to find that a few of the names were misspelled and it therefore had to be disqualified.—*Photoplay.*

Answer Mrs. Fennessy's question!

•

Among rank-and-file members of his own Democratic party, 28 per cent told interviewers for the Gallup Poll that they did not know who Kennedy is.

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EVENING

I called him to come in,
The wide lawn darkened so.
Laughing, he held his chin
And hid beside a bush.
The light gave him a push;
Shadowy grass moved slow.
He crept on agile toes
Under a sheltering rose.

His mother, still beyond
The bare porch and the door,
Called faintly, out of sound,
And vanished with her voice.
I caught his curious eyes
Measuring me, and more—
The light dancing behind
My shoulder in the wind.

Then, struck beyond belief
By the child's voice I heard,
I saw his hair turn leaf,
His dancing toes divide
To hoofs on either side,
One hand become a bird.
Startled, I held my tongue
To hear what note he sang.

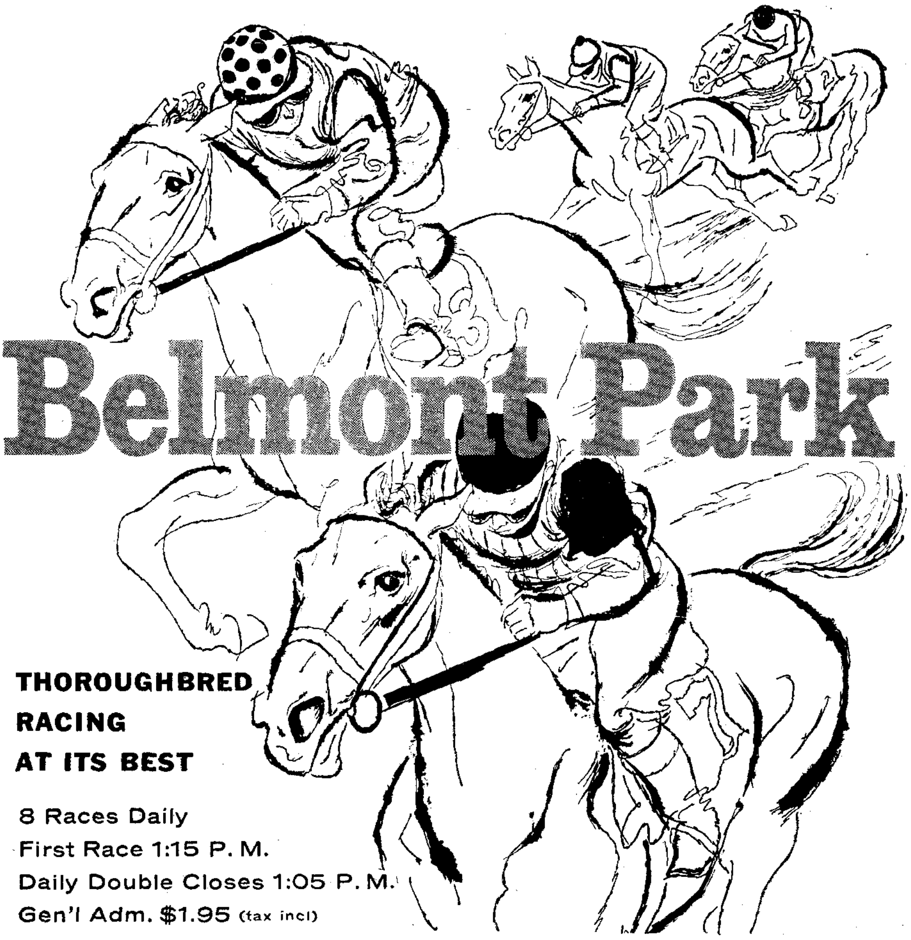
Where was the boy gone now?
I stood on the grass, alone.
Swung from the apple bough,
The bees ignored my cry.
A dog roved past, and I
Turned up a sinking stone,
But found beneath no more
Than grasses dead last year.

Suddenly, lost and cold,
I knew the yard lay bare.
I longed to touch and hold
My child, my talking child,
Laughing or tame or wild,
Solid in light and air,
The supple hands, the face
To fill that barren place.

Slowly, the leaves descended,
The birds resolved to hands;
Laugh, and the charm was ended,
The hungry boy stepped forth.
He stood on the hard earth,
Like one who understands
Fairy and ghost, but less
Our human loneliness.

Then, on the withering lawn,
He walked beside my arm.
Trees and the sun were gone,
Everything gone but us.
His mother sang in the house,
And kept our supper warm,
And loved us, God knows how,
The wide earth darkened so.

—JAMES WRIGHT



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Jazz Records

new Records
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IN the three years since its formation, the Modern Jazz Quartet, which is made up of John Lewis, piano, Milt Jackson, vibraphone, Percy Heath, bass, and Connie Kay, drums, has become, along with Gerry Mulligan's various groups and the Jimmy Giuffre Trio, one of the most intelligent, stubborn, and cheering of all modern-jazz groups. Most contemporary small-band jazz depends on stiff, bony ensemble passages, which are used only as terminal points for long strings of solos. But the Modern Jazz Quartet, although it has occasionally frittered away a good deal of its subtle, intense inventions in a delicate tangle of structural devices like the fugue and the rondo, has rejuvenated, in a brilliant and fascinating manner, two of the earliest and most basic ingredients in jazz—collective improvisation and the blues, which were prematurely swamped in the nineteen-thirties by the stentorian arrival of the big jazz bands and great individualists, like Louis Armstrong and Coleman Hawkins. The quartet's soloists, who are most often Jackson and Lewis, usually perform—because of the close-knit, astonishingly sensitive nature of the group—more as temporary offshoots from tight, central frameworks than as independent improvisers stepping baldly off into space. When Jackson, who gets a rich, forceful, quavering tone from his instrument, solos, Lewis works out a clear but discreet secondary melodic line behind him that is sometimes so provocative that it unintentionally upstages Jackson. (Lewis has the rare gift among jazz pianists of being able to act both as a sympathetic and agreeably distorted echo of the soloist he is supporting and as a convenient source of choice phrases that the soloist, if flagging, can lean on.) Thus the group is always in a state of ready and easy counterpoint, where, in the busiest passages, all the performers seem to jostle each other graciously, like the occupants of a crowded royal box.

Aside from the consistent excellence of its playing, much of the success of the group is due to its leader, Lewis, who is also an exceptional composer and arranger. Although his playing—simple, single-note melodic lines that have a shy,

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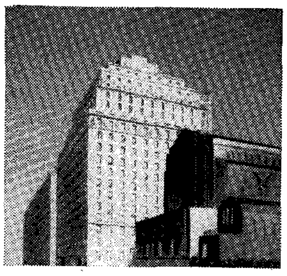

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crystalline quality, an almost inaudible left hand, and a calm, teatime approach—has a deceptive, amateur air, he is an uncanny performer, who often puts together, from ingenious combinations of nearly childish figures, solos that take on the tireless ring of classic improvisations. In addition, Lewis, who is thirty-seven and holds a couple of degrees in music, probably has no equal in contemporary jazz as a melodic composer. His melodies, which are usually derived from the blues, have a graceful and enormously appealing melancholy that sticks fast in the mind, much in the manner of such simpler pioneering jazz compositions as "Royal Garden Blues" and "That's a Plenty." Two of them—"Django," written as a requiem for the late French guitarist Django Reinhardt, and "Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West"—have already become indestructible jazz tunes.

The quartet's new recording, "The Modern Jazz Quartet" (Atlantic 1265), is admirably crisp and uncluttered. In addition to Lewis's "La Ronde," a two-minute piece that offers some resounding solo wire-brush work by Kay, and "Baden-Baden," a fast blues by Jackson and bassist Ray Brown, it consists of nine standard tunes, five of which form a ballad medley played as a single unit. "Bags' Groove" and "Baden-Baden" are perhaps the most forthright recordings the group has yet made. Both have simple structures and straightforward solos, while Kay, a superior drummer who generally uses the wire brushes, shifts to sticks and forces the group into steady, irresistible gallops. The quartet's collective approach is particularly apparent in "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea." During Jackson's second solo, Lewis drifts in behind him with a series of queer, limping tremolo phrases that seem to nudge Jackson quietly and firmly along, as if otherwise he might falter and, in doing so, take the whole group down with him.

MODERN-JAZZ drumming appears to have become permanently set in the narrow, florid, and often insensitive patterns of the drummer Max Roach, who, in the past seven or eight years, has had as much influence on his instrument as Charlie Parker on his. A new recording, "Orgy in Rhythm: Art Blakey" (Blue Note 1554), though a sometimes unruly, tobogganing affair, is a stirring exception to the staccato, typewriter insistence of the Roach school. Blakey, whose style is full of mushrooming cymbal sounds and uproarious, tidal snare-drum rolls, is

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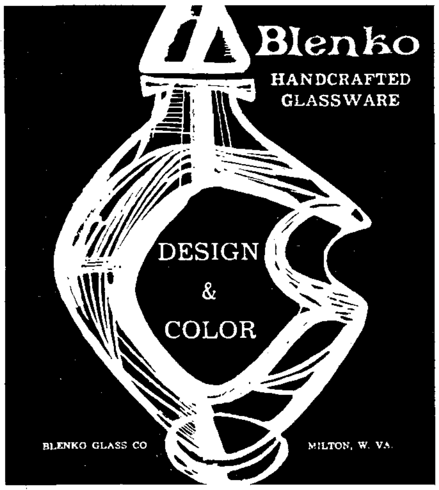
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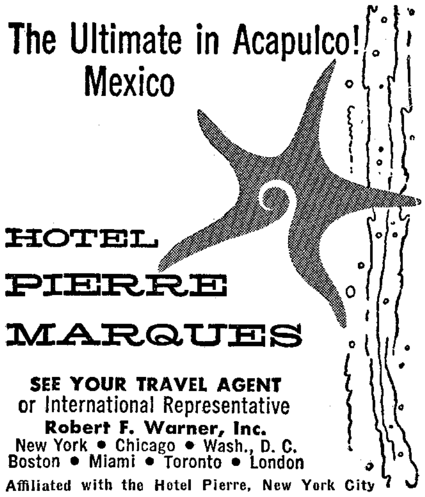
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joined on the trap drums by Arthur Taylor, Specs Wright, and Jo Jones, the last two of whom occasionally take turns on the timpani. Also present are Ray Bryant, piano; Herbie Mann, flute; Wendell Marshall, bass; and a steaming Afro-Cuban rhythm section, made up of Sabu, on the bongos and timbales, and four others, who rattle away on conga drums, timbales, maracas, the cencerro, and the tree log. Of the four numbers on the record, three are largely Afro-Cuban, and have opening and closing sections in which a series of rousing chants are got off by Sabu and Blakey. In between are such disarming things as Jones racketing along against a conga-drum background; sharp, rifle-like bongo drums pitted against the subterranean rumbling of the timpani; and, in a couple of places, three trap drummers playing vigorous unison figures with all the authority and noise of the millennium. Blakey takes a stunning solo in a number called "Toffi," and in "Split Skins" the Afro-Cuban drummers rest while Blakey, Taylor, and Jones work out an intricate series of supporting and solo figures, not to mention a solo that is probably the best one Jones has ever recorded. Although the notes on the record help designate which soloist is which, it might be of some additional use to know that, in all the din, both Taylor and Wright produce identical heavy, clipped, rather wooden sounds, Jones a lighter, crisper, almost startled sound, and Blakey a muzzy, booming sound.

PRESTIGE, a small New York firm, has reissued, on one side of a twelve-inch long-playing record called "Walkin': Miles Davis All Stars" (Prestige LP-7076), a recording made about three years ago, with Davis, trumpet; Jay Jay Johnson, trombone; Lucky Thompson, tenor saxophone; Horace Silver, piano; Percy Heath, bass; and Kenny Clarke, drums, all of whom play, in two extended blues—"Walkin'" and "Blue 'N Boogie"—some of the best and most sustained modern-jazz improvisation set down in the past decade. On the second side, Davey Schildkraut, alto saxophone, replaces Johnson and Thompson, and the results (there are three standard tunes), though far more dulcet, are only slightly inferior. This is a remarkable record.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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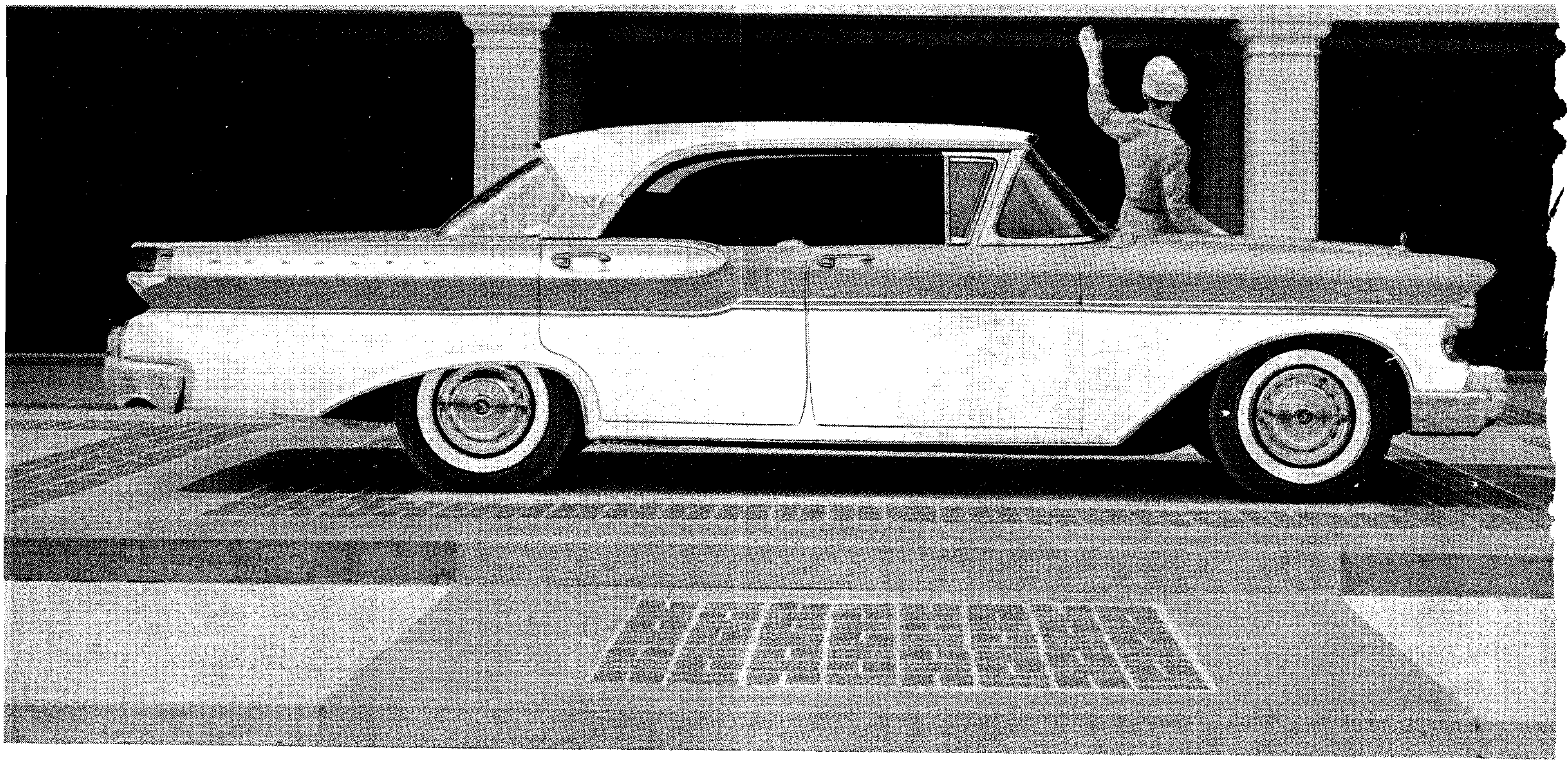

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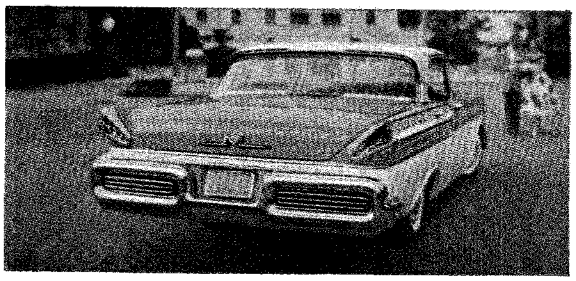

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The film—written by Michael V. Gazzo (who wrote the original drama) and Alfred Hayes, and directed by Fred Zinnemann—gets off to a rather slow start but works up a lot of momentum before the climax has been reached. It has to do with a war hero who, after being gravely wounded, is shot full of morphine at a military hospital. When we first encounter him, our man, unable to shake off the habit thus accidentally acquired, is living with his conspicuously pregnant wife and his brother in a housing development on the lower East Side. Although he has been hopped up to the nines for several months, his wife is unaware of the nature of his predicament, and when he goes off into the night in search of drugs, she concludes that he's up to some extramarital shenanigans. To complicate matters, the brother, who has almost bankrupted himself in supplying the unfortunate fellow with money for narcotics, is desperately in love with the pregnant lady. As it happens, both brothers have had a distressing time of it in their early years, when they were placed in a series of homes by their father, a widowed bartender. When Father, a resident of

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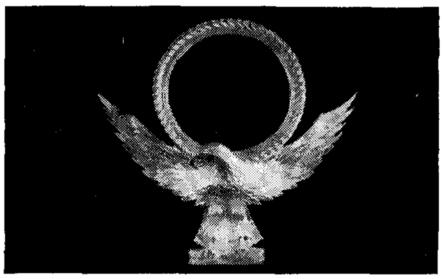

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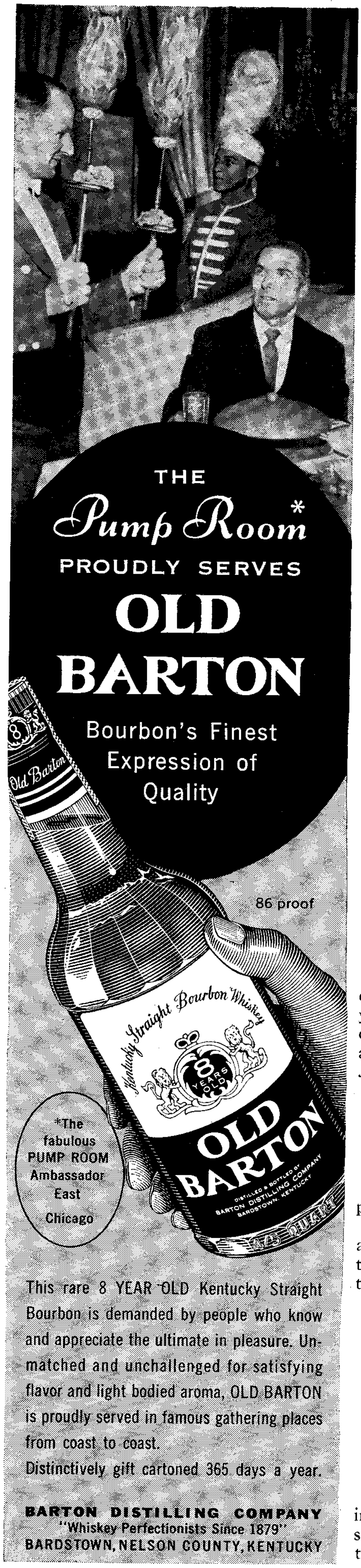
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Florida, decides to visit his sons—mostly because he wants to pick up twenty-five hundred dollars that the now bankrupt brother once promised him—things become very sticky emotionally. Upbraiding one son for not being able to produce the cash, and praising the other for being a model youth, the bartender, a singularly obtuse type, has everybody hopelessly disturbed in a very short while.

As is customary in dramas about dope, there are several dreadful peddlers of the stuff on view, and in their utter depravity they occasionally come perilously close to caricature. But while the movie is wildly sensational in places, there is enough solid melodrama to keep you reasonably interested, and some of the dialogue has a fairly lively flavor. Mr. Zinnemann does an excellent job pictorially as he surveys various facets of Manhattan (although I don't think our housing administrators are going to endorse his bleak view of their creations), and the cast he has assembled is commendable. As the drug addict, Don Murray is as plausible as anybody could be in such a bizarre situation, and, as his wife, Eva Marie Saint is lovely and appealing. In Lloyd Nolan Mr. Zinnemann has found exactly the right man to play the crude bartender, and he was fortunate indeed to have Anthony Franciosa on hand to depict the brother. Whenever the melodramatic pyrotechnics die down, as they sometimes do, Mr. Franciosa reveals quite a nice talent for comedy. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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[*From the University of Buffalo student handbook, 1956-57*]

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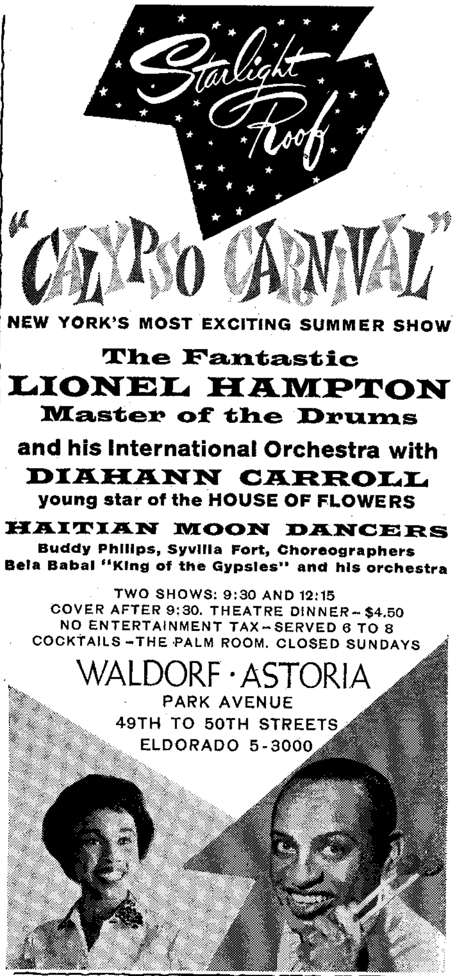
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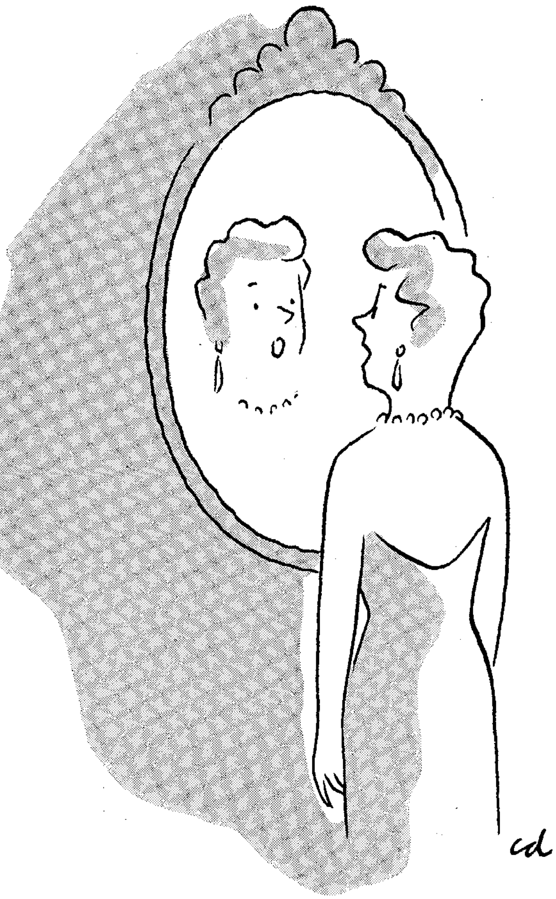
BOOKS

Opéra Bouffe on the Nile

As its title indicates, P. H. Newby's "Revolution and Roses" (Knopf) is about the flourishing of love and romance in the midst of a political upheaval, and since it is a comedy, it quite expectedly uses the romance to show up the silliness of the revolution. The revolution is the coup by which the Egyptian officer corps under General Naguib overthrew King Farouk—a revolution peculiarly suited to Mr. Newby's purposes, since it not only had a comic-opera quality but was almost completely bloodless, and therefore easier to laugh at than the revolution that smashes a great many eggs in order to make its omelet. It is the Egyptians who have had the last laugh; their "silly" revolution has had momentous consequences for the world, and particularly for the British. As an Englishman whose business is humor, Mr. Newby cannot be insensitive to this irony, but it is not obtrusive in his book.

In fact, any sort of irony is missing from "Revolution and Roses." Mr. Newby dissolves his caustic observations about people in a warm bath of benevolence; almost every character is made ridiculous and then patted on the back and made "lovable." This revolution is less than bloodless; it does not bring out even the merest touch of malice or cruelty in anyone, which leaves Mr. Newby with very little to castigate. The main Egyptian character—Mahmoud Yehia, an Army lieutenant who has a fantastically disproportionate sense of soldierly honor and asks to be held responsible for Farouk's escape from Alexandria because he was courting an Englishwoman when the King fled—is a prime object of Mr. Newby's bland derision until he is suddenly brought in limping and wearing a civilian suit "so padded that he appeared about four feet across the shoulders," hollow-cheeked and appallingly aged. ("'I have changed, yes? You see my hair. Grey! Yes, grey here and here. I am an old man. We grow old in Egypt quickly.'") This shift from satire to pathos prepares us for the transformation of Yehia into a figure of dignity.

This desire to have it both ways is evident, too, in the treatment of the British. A parade of stock comic caricatures passes through the novel, and Mr. Newby, who never bothers to do more than make them instantly recognizable as the usual types of postwar British comedy, clearly expects the mere sight of them to arouse his readers to merriment. The minute he introduces us to young Tim Blainey ("The very thin fair hair . . . the pursed-up lips, the button nose . . . he was like a girl in his innocence"), we know exactly where we are. Tim is the obtuse, incredibly provincial young Englishman whose stupidity will provide a chuckle or two, and then will finally become a kind of virtue, a sign of incorruptible moral purity. Elaine Brent, the newspaperwoman who sneaks into Egypt to cover the revolution and, as a result of attracting the amorous attentions of Yehia, becomes an important figure in the confused political machinations of both the royalists and the Naguibites, has this same redeeming stupidity. She is another stereotype in Mr. Newby's well-stocked gallery—the thirtyish bachelor girl trying to carve out a career in a man's world but really much more concerned about the state of her coiffure than the state of the nation. Later, when the inevitable colonial officer (acting Vice-Consul Waldo Grimbley) appears, puffing away at his pipe and saying, "Blainey, which of you is Blainey? I've heard of you. Now, which branch of the family is it? There was an Irish branch. I knew the Gloucester Blaineys. Old Sir Edward. . . . Well, what d'you want? . . . Hope you're not after passages to England. No time for yellow-bellies," the air of cozy familiarity grows even thicker. And Mr. Newby also throws in the Second Secretary of the British Embassy ("'But I don't suppose they'll come to much harm. Women, you know. Courteous to women, and all that sort of thing. . . . Why not join our party? Harriet says there are going to be charades'"), and the sabre-rattling tabloid journalist Wyvell Speen ("'We ought to see the Ambassador. Why don't we go and see the Ambassador? . . . That Brent in the hands of the wogs, I can't stand the thought of it'").



"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the fairest one of all?"
"Elizabeth Taylor."

In "Revolution and Roses," then, Mr. Newby invites his readers to contemplate an Egypt full of harmless and charming buffoons and a group of Englishmen who could hardly run a grocery store, much less an empire. What are we to make of this picture? The character through whom Mr. Newby comments on the action, Tim Blainey's brother, Eric—a middle-aged Englishman who has a beautiful young Greek wife and works in his father-in-law's coffee business—displays a weary, tolerant awareness of the stupidity and fecklessness of Egyptian and Briton alike. Then he suddenly becomes fed up and begins, half ironically, to harangue the Second Secretary of the Embassy, partly in an effort to shock this bewildered young official and partly to let off steam:

> "Well, Thomas, to hell with all liberal ideas, I say. . . . Down with

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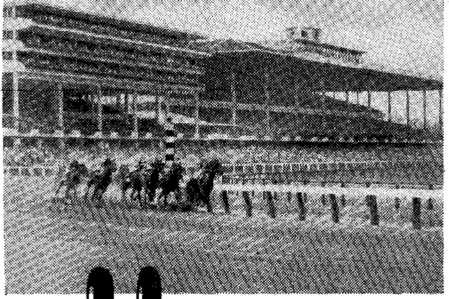

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self-determination! No votes for women! Three cheers for the British Empire! . . . I disagree with selflessness. I don't believe that the other man is as good as I am. My conscience has been overvalued. I have discovered all too late in life that I am temperamentally a reactionary, and from now on my conduct will be governed by greed and naked self-interest."

And finally, losing his composure altogether, he turns in a rage on his father-in-law (who, with his pitiful reverence for culture and his sublime incomprehension of the Western ideas that make up his "philosophy," seems to represent for Mr. Newby the new intellectual of the rising colonial countries): "I don't believe in education. . . . Your ideas are all rubbish! I understand perfectly well, but they're all rubbish!" This is Mr. Newby joining in for the moment with the Kingsley Amises and John Wains, that chorus of "angry young men" who have lately come into prominence in English letters and whose response to the declining fortunes of their country and to the dullness of life there has been to cry out "A plague on both your houses," while declaring truculently that they believe in nothing and care even less.

But anger is not Mr. Newby's characteristic note. The main assertion of "Revolution and Roses" is that there is no point in getting angry with anyone. Revolution or no revolution, the Egyptians are still as foolish and endearing as ever, and as impossible to take seriously; empire or no empire, the British are what they always were, and that—ridiculous though it may seem at times—is better than anything else in sight. This assertion of the essential superiority of the British character is made quietly; it is assumed to be too self-evident to require demonstration. Mr. Newby never puts us in danger of believing that Tim Blainey and Elaine Brent and Wyvell Speen are *really* England. All they are, like all such stereotypes in postwar English comedy, is evidence of the ability of the British to laugh at themselves, and consequently yet another demonstration of their abiding greatness.

—NORMAN PODHORETZ

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COUP DE GRÂCE, by Marguerite Yourcenar, translated from the French by Grace Frick in collaboration with the author (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A short, melancholy novel, set in the form of a casual reminiscence by a German soldier of fortune, who

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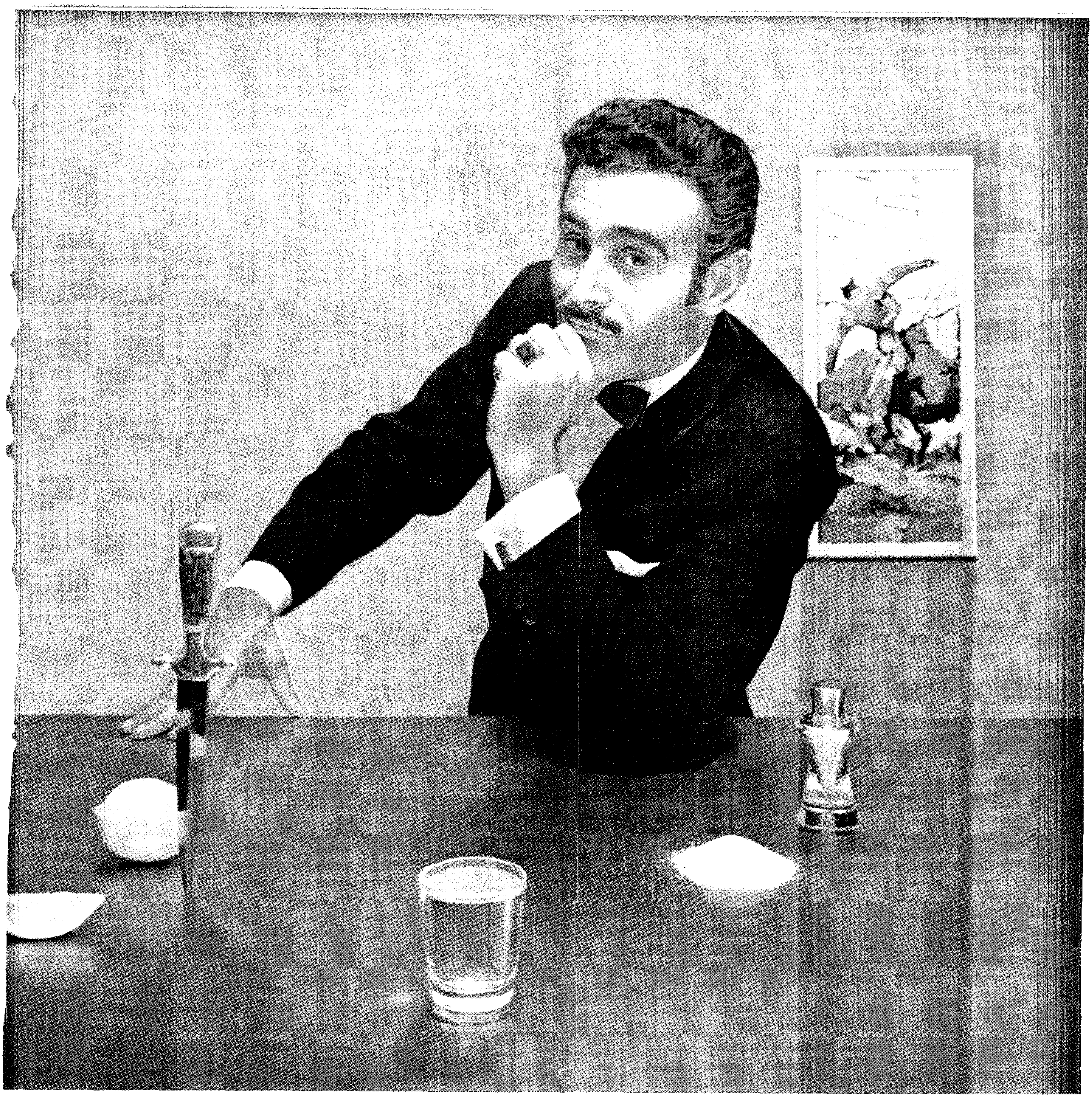

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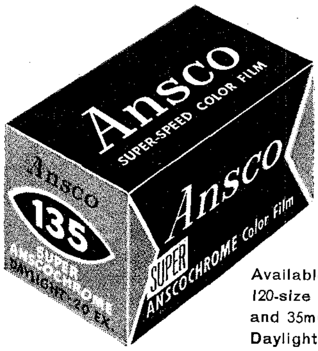

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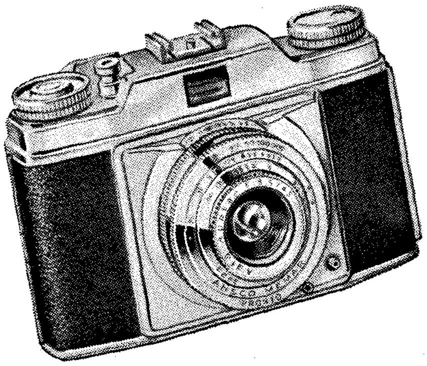

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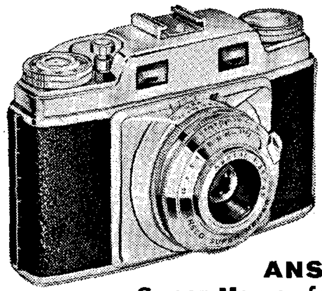

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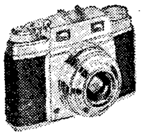

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tells of a childhood friend, Conrad, and his sister, Sophie, and of the brief, unreturned love that Sophie had for the narrator in Poland during the Bolshevik Revolution. It is a queer, hollow book, full of sorrowing for what seems an impossibly distant place and time. Nonetheless, Mme. Yourcenar writes with such deliberation and clarity that she forces the essential tragedy of the relationship—no matter how remote—into the reader's mind.

LETTER FROM PEKING, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day). This straightforward novel revolves, with a kind of comfortable, apple-pie glow, around a middle-aged American woman, Elizabeth MacLeod, whose husband, Gerald, part American, part Chinese, has sent her and their son back to Vermont from Peking, where he has stayed on after the Communist victory as the president of a university. He dies there while attempting to escape to America—and the old life dies with him—leaving the way clear for Elizabeth to send down roots through their son, who marries an American girl, and through a neighbor, who proposes.

THE RED MARTEN, by Peter Nisser (Knopf). An extremely chronological novel about the lives—year in, year out—of three generations of farmers in Sweden during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. Mr. Nisser tells his story in a matter-of-fact manner (and Naomi Walford has translated it from the Swedish into clear, pleasant English), but the people concerned—a stolid bunch whose daily routine is punctured at long intervals by murder, witchcraft, war, and the most violent outbreaks of feeling—seem much more remote than just a few hundred years and an ocean away.

GENERAL

THE INVASION OF FRANCE AND GERMANY, 1944-1945, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Little, Brown). Volume XI of the author's tremendous literary project—the "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II"—which has three installments to go. This one covers Operation Neptune-Overlord, which breached Fortress Europa in the north, and Operation Anvil-Dragoon, which performed the same service in the south. Professor Morison, who witnessed much of the action he has covered in these volumes (he was not, however, pres-

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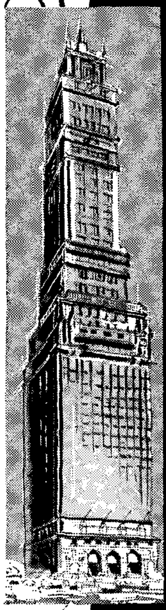

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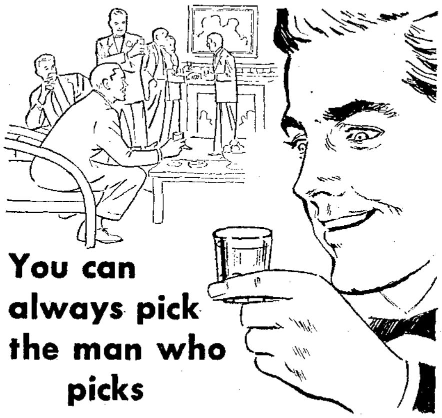

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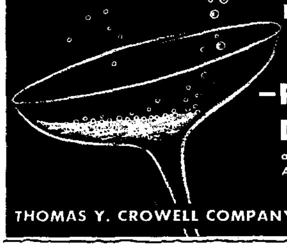

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Ghost Ship of the Confederacy, by Edward Boykin (Funk & Wagnalls). This book is a considerably inflated footnote to American naval history, but the story at its core is a good one. It deals with the two-year cruise of the Confederate commerce raider Alabama, under Captain Raphael Semmes, one of the most intrepid and picturesque fighting men who ever paced a quarter-deck. A bark-rigged steam sloop with a crew of English, Dutch, Welsh, Irish, French, Italian, Spanish, and Russian sailors (the Boys in Gray!), the Alabama became the greatest single scourge of the high seas the world has seen, running up a score of sixty-nine Northern vessels sunk, burned, or captured before the U.S.S. Kearsarge found her and sent her to the bottom off Cherbourg. The author writes like a man with a raging fever, and fairly wallows in gore during the Alabama's death throes, but he sticks close to recorded fact and this book is very exciting. Illustrated with contemporary photographs and reproductions of paintings.

The Price of Power, by Herbert Agar (Chicago). "We have got to understand," said Dean Acheson, in 1946, "that all our lives the danger, the uncertainty, the need for alertness, for effort, for discipline will be upon us. It will be hard for us." That observation, quoted in this book, could be cited as the text of Mr. Agar's present sermon—an evaluation of America's stewardship, since 1945, of the world power that has been thrust upon her. Mr. Agar, who has long since left these shores for England, finds America wanting in many ways—he has a stinging chapter on the McCarthy madness and the political servility that permitted it—but not hopeless. He believes that we potentially have the qualities—originality, generosity, daring, idealism, and imagination—to keep this a decent world instead of letting it become "a clean planet with no people

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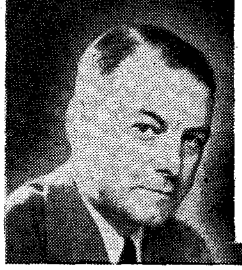

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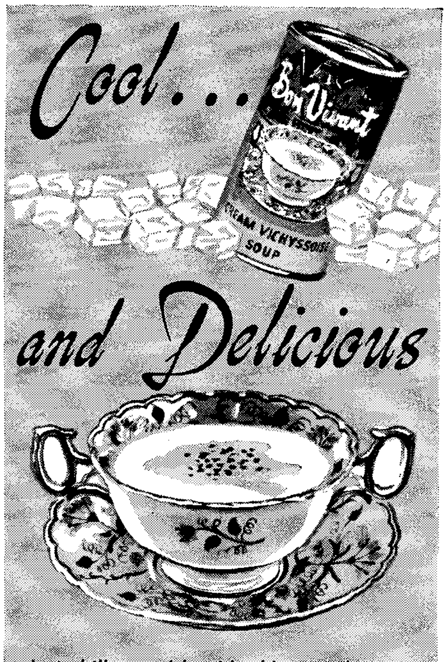

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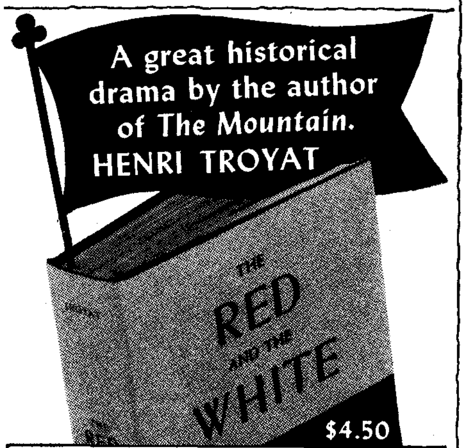
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on it," but that up to now we haven't put these qualities to work. The book is written with grace, irony, and wit.

THEY SAW IT HAPPEN: 1485-1688, compiled by C. R. N. Routh (Macmillan). "The trained historian will provide us with a more factually truthful account than we are likely to get from any one eye-witness," Mr. Routh remarks in introducing this anthology of contemporary observations on memorable moments in Tudor and Stuart England. "But something is lost in the process," he adds. "The raw material has a quality of its own which the manufactured article too often fails to preserve." The raw material here collected numbers eighty-eight samples, most of them drawn from diaries, letters, or official reports by foreign diplomats, and it cannot be denied that the great majority of these vanished voices have a rich and vivid immediacy. In common with all such kaleidoscopic miscellanies, however, its parts are too brief, too teasing, and too diffuse, with the result that the final effect is not an illumination but a kind of strident babble.

WINGS OF THE FOREST, by William J. Long (Doubleday). Another posthumous collection of wildlife studies (most of them previously unpublished) by the physician-naturalist whose acquaintance we first made a year ago in "The Spirit of the Wild." Dr. Long, who died in 1952, did most of his writing in the years before and shortly after the First World War, and the influence of the Ernest Thompson Seton school is strongly apparent in his style and general philosophy, but when he speaks to us in his own voice—notably in a portrait of a hen partridge and her flock, and in a glimpse of chattering crows—the somewhat faded sentimentality vanishes and our attention is most enjoyably rewarded. Drawings by Ray Houlihan.

CONTEXTS OF CRITICISM, by Harry Levin (Harvard). Professor Levin, as his little book on Joyce made plain years ago, is an unusual combination of learned scholar and imaginative critic. This collection of sixteen addresses and essays ranges widely, from a brilliant analysis of "Don Quixote" to a very funny discussion of "paralipsis," "enthymeme," "anacoluthon," and other classic grammatical devices (and outrages) in the prose of Ernest Hemingway. The author sometimes comes out of the

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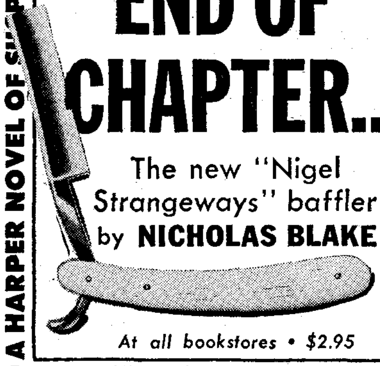
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library blinking (he solemnly observes that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer motto *ars gratia artis* "has no classical sanction whatsoever"), but for the most part, his criticism, as he remarks of Milton's verse, recovers on the swings what it loses on the roundabouts.

THE FRAME OF ORDER, edited by James Winny (Macmillan). What the editor calls "an outline of Elizabethan belief," produced by excerpting philosophic and scientific treatises of the late sixteenth century. Mr. Winny, who teaches English at Cambridge, believes that Timothy Bright on the four humors, Edward Forset on similarities between the individual and the body politic, Thomas Digges on the Copernican system, and so on, are an indispensable background for reading Shakespeare or Donne, and so they are. They are, however, equally worth reading for their own sake—for the insatiable curiosity of the Elizabethans about everything from why dead eels do not float to how the Devil torments the souls of the wicked, and for the vigor and sinewy eloquence of the prose.

•

There is some similarity in the life of George Washington and the new Lawrence Park Shopping Center. For example:

Washington had a brother named Lawrence and the shopping center's name is Lawrence Park on Lawrence and Sproul Roads.

Washington crossed the Delaware River and the shopping center is located in Delaware County.

Washington was considered a "First" President and Lawrence Park will be the first shopping center to have a motion picture theatre in the area.

Washington chopped down the cherry tree and to commemorate this legend the shoppers at Lawrence Park will be given free cherry candies.

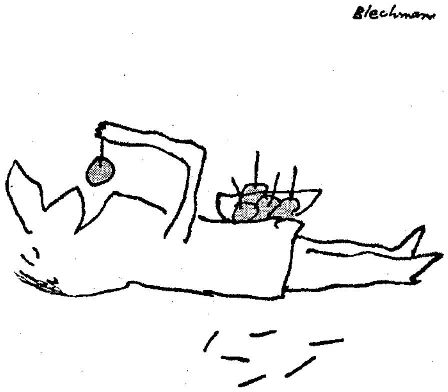
Washington, as a child, was seen throwing stones across the Rappahannock River in Northern Virginia at the lower ferry of Fredericksburg and Lawrence Park Shopping Center is "a stone's throw" from Broomall, Newton Square, Media, Springfield and Havertown.—*Press release received by the Upper Darby (Pa.) News.*

It's just uncanny, that's what it is.

•

Lauren Bacall waited for four hours for Irving Lazar to escort her to the Billy Wilder party. Irving was taking a walk near his home when a motorcycle cop collided with his Derriere.—*Louella Parsons in the Houston Chronicle.*

Walk, hell! That's one of those little French cars.



A cocktail guest name of Lore,
Who suddenly stretched on the floor,
Said: "These Birds Eye Fish Bites
Are such utter delights,
I *must* save my strength to eat more!"

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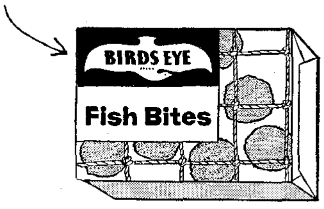
as a main dish



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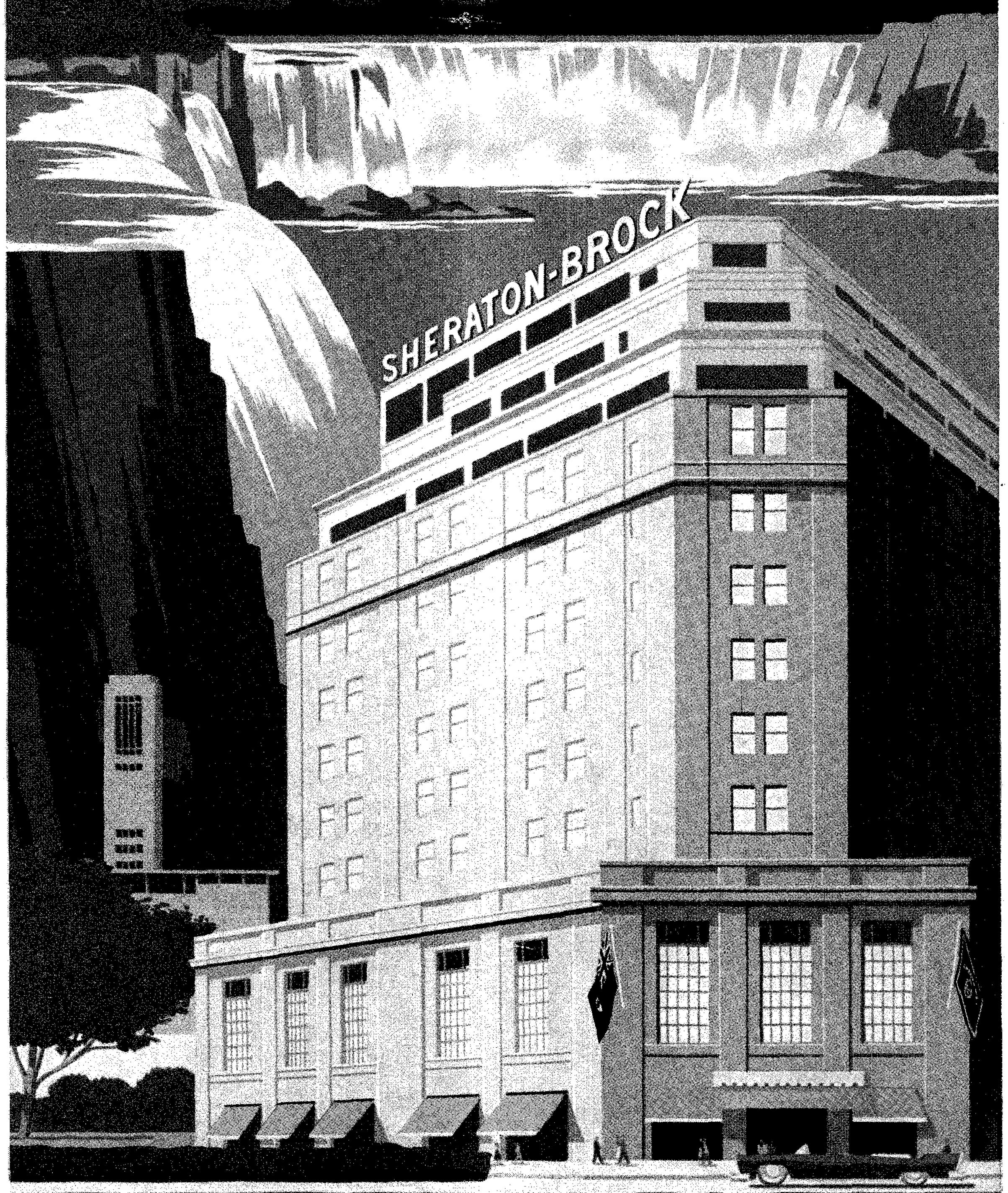

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